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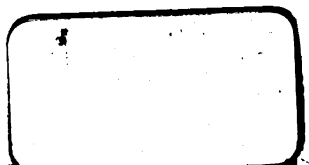
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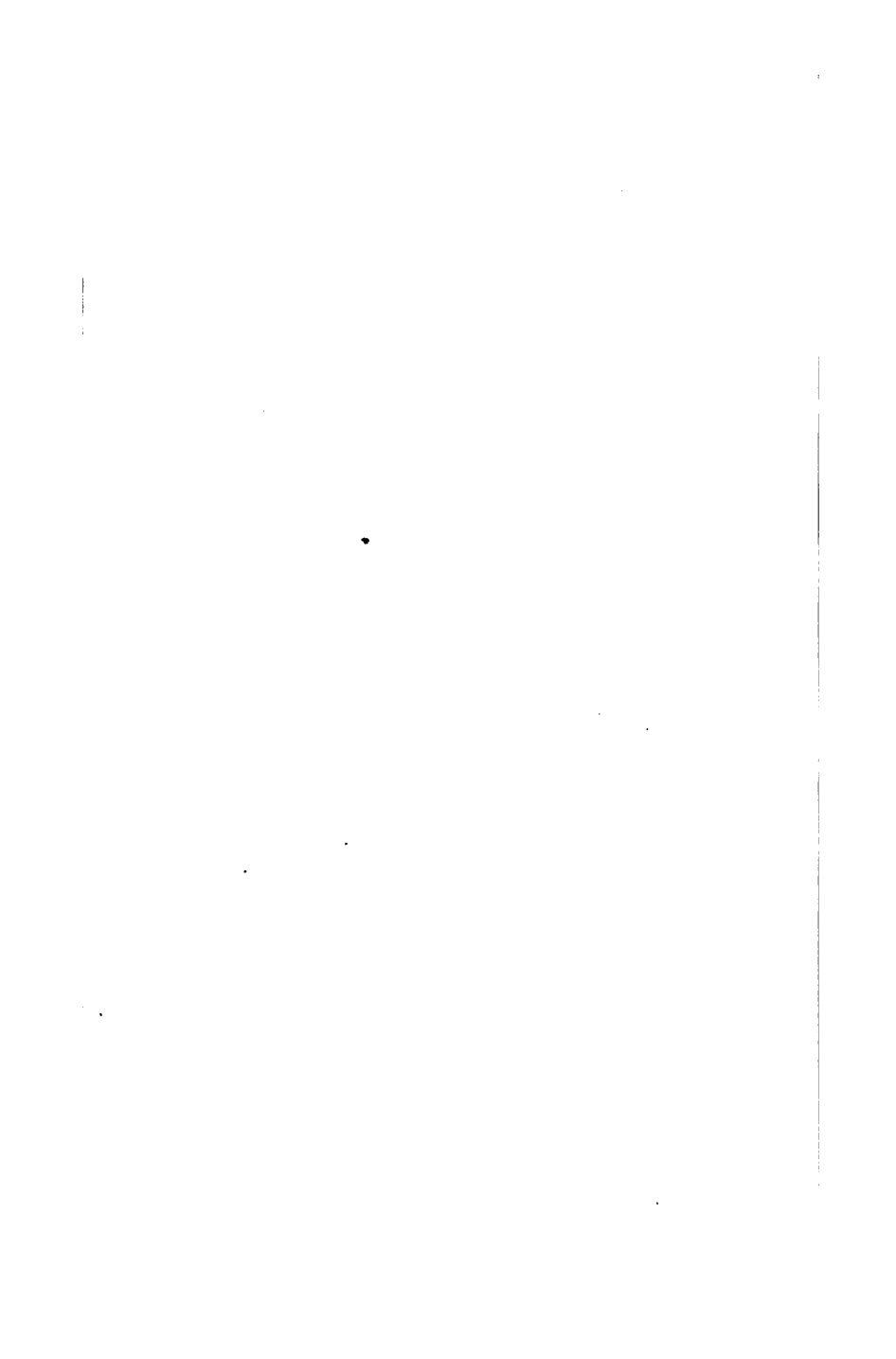
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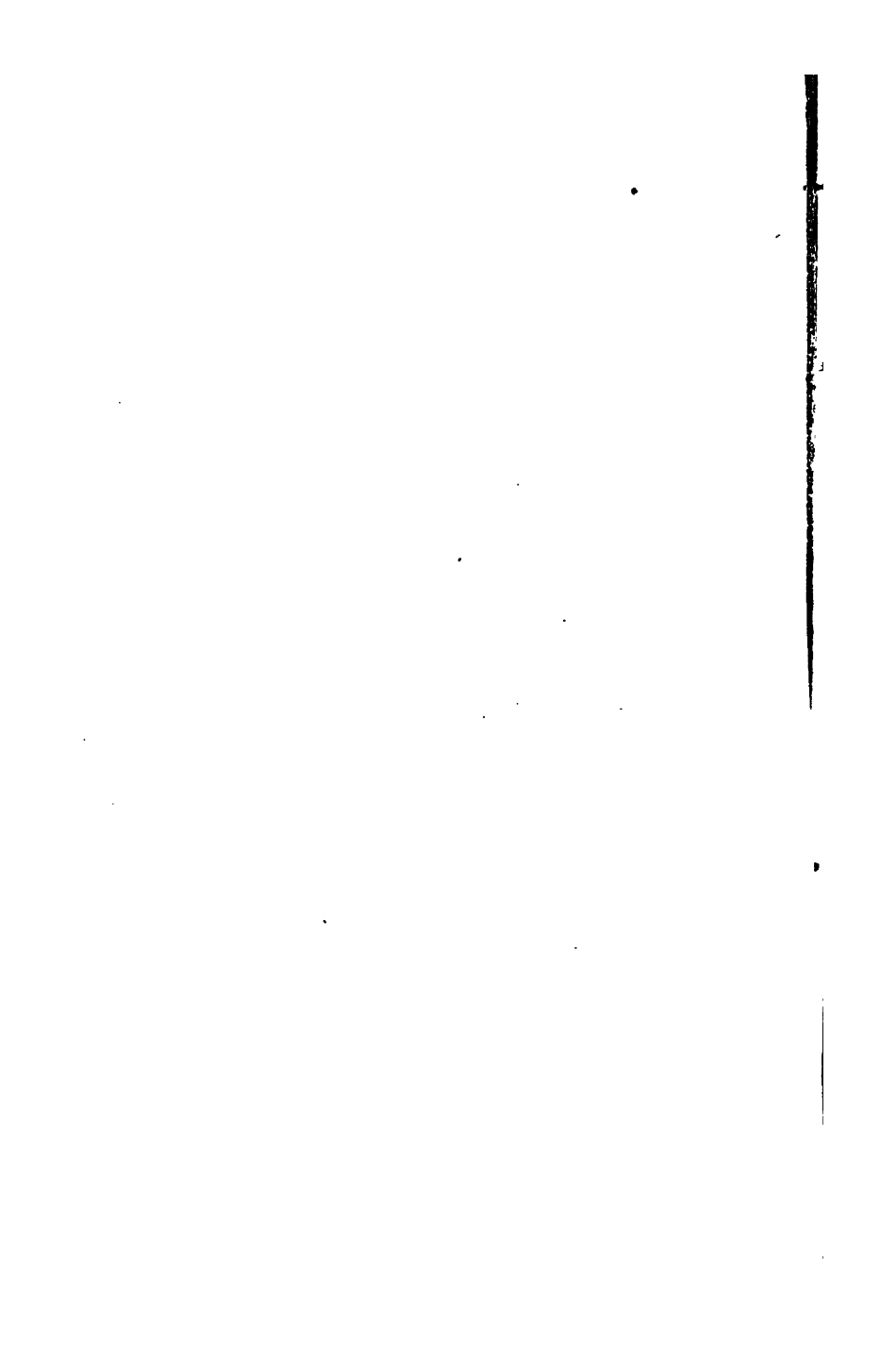




POEMS

OF THE

FIELDS AND THE TOWN.



POEMS

OF THE

FIELDS AND THE TOWN.

BY

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD,

Author of the "Lamp of Life," &c.

Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some invention draw :
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight,
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
Or a shady branch or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man."

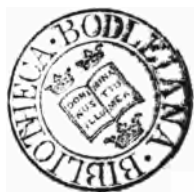
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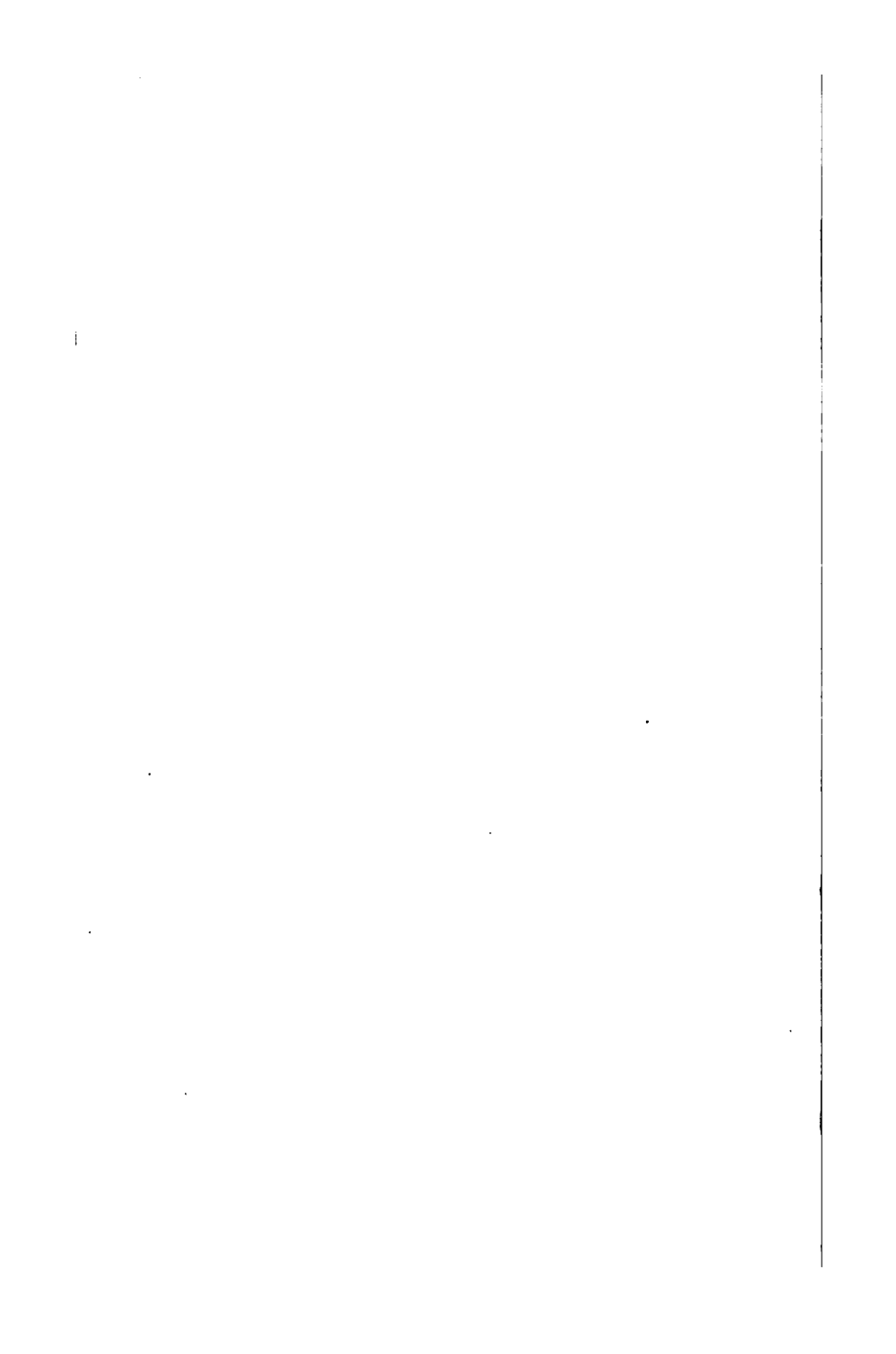
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TO MY FRIEND,
EDWARD CAPERN,
POSTMAN AND POET,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF PLEASANT DAYS SPENT WITH HIM IN HIS
OWN BEAUTIFUL COUNTY OF DEVON,
THE FOLLOWING POEMS
ARE INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.



MOST of the short pieces in the present volume have appeared in the magazines and periodicals, and have thus obtained some public favour. Many of them have had the good fortune to be rendered into French by M. DE CHATELAIN, the able translator of Chaucer, Gay, and other English poets; and in this dress have won for themselves new friends. It remains to be seen whether the same kindness will be shown to them now they are collected and bound together. They recal dear and pleasant remembrances to their writer; and he naturally looks upon them with a loving and favourable eye, meeting them as old companions and friends with a smile, and a good word. This he cannot expect from others; but of one thing he is certain that his critics will praise where they justly can; and where they cannot they will as justly blame. After not a little experience in

contemporary literature, he feels assured that as a whole nothing can be conducted on fairer or more generous principles than modern criticism; and neither deprecating nor flattering this noble function, he is quite content to leave his works, such as they are, to speak for themselves, and to be judged accordingly. He dare not hope that any one will receive the same pleasure from the perusal as he has received in writing; but if only a part of this should prove reciprocal, he will be satisfied. Poetry has been to him its own rich reward. To it he owes some of the brightest hours of his life; and he can truly say with Burns,—

“ Leeze me on rhyme! it’s aye a treasure,
My chief, amaisit my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel’, at wark, or leisure;
 The Muse, poor hizzie!
Though rough and raploch be her measure,
She’s seldom lazy.”

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
True Love's Coronal	1
The Birth of Spring	2
To an Early Blackbird	4
To the First Cuckoo of the Year	6
The Great Harpist	8
Song	9
Song	10
The Lovers	11
Going Home	12
St. Valentine's Day	13
St. Valentine's Day	15
So Very Kind was He	16
"When will the Letter Come?"	17
The One Joy	19
The Queen of Ferny Dell	20
The Devonshire Lasses	21
To Mary	23
To Edward Capern	24
Little Petsey	26
The World is Very Fair	28
The Wooing and Wedding	30
Sunny Days	31
Havelock	32
Bride and Widow	34
The Burden of Tyre	35
Reward	36

	PAGE
My Riches	38
The Vote of the 19th	41
To Annie	43
Why I Love Thee	45
A Portrait	46
Autumn	47
To my Wife	49
O Sing Once More, My Bonnie Lassie	55
Alfred the Great	56
Love Charm	62
The First Kiss	63
O, Ask not Why I Love Thee	65
The Light of Love	66
Ode to the Memory of Shakspeare	68
Night	73
The Christmas Tree	79
'Tis Christmas Time Again	82
The Old Year and the New	83
"The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth"	85
In Memoriam	95
Be Thankful	96
La Naissance du Printemps	99
Au Premier Merle du Printemps	100
Au Premier Coucou de l'Année	103
Chanson	104
Allons Chez Nous	105
Oh ! le Monde est Bien Beau	106
Jours Dorés par le Soleil	108
Rendons Grâce à Celui qui à Haut Trône aux Cieux !	109

TRUE LOVE'S CORONAL.

RIPPLE, ripple on ye streamlets,
Making music as ye flow,
Sweet as love-words breathed at evening,
When the voice is soft and low.
Ripple, ripple, kissing sweetly
All the flowers that round ye grow ;
I will weave a true love garland,
Listening to your water's flow.

Winding briony first I gather,
With its rich and clustering gems
Glittering 'neath the setting sun-light,
Brighter than all diadems :
Round its lithe and yielding tendrils,
Next the sweet convolvulus twine ;
Fitting it with each enwreathing
To thy forehead, darling mine.

Then the flow'rets made for lovers,
Which like starlets gem each bank,
Shall be placed in seat of honour,
Raised in beauty and in rank.
Resting on thy graceful forehead,
With their pure and spotless dyes ;
Pointing with their rays to brighter
Beaming from thy violet eyes.

TRUE LOVE'S CORONAL

Crown of grace, and crown of beauty,
 I have wreathed it, love, for thee,
 Swearing 'ever truest fealty—
 Take, O take it love from me :
 O, how beauteous now thou seemest,
 Crowned beneath the woodlands green—
 Ne'er had monarch such a subject,
 Ne'er had subject such a queen.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.*

AGAIN, again the Spring is here !
 With noiseless step and slow,
 She glides across the waking earth,
 And blesses all below.
 The blackbird sings her cradle-song
 With his deep note of joy,
 And all earth's songsters in her praise
 Their richest strains employ.

The lark goes singing up to heav'n,
 And showers his music down
 In floods of rapturous melody,
 Her name and fame to crown :
 The thrush, the linnet, and the wren—
 The woods' assembled throng—
 All join her birth to celebrate,
 And welcome her with song.

And as she gains in grace and power,
Where'er her footsteps light
Sweet flowers arise to mark her path—
The beautiful and bright.
Her presence gladdens earth and sky,
Her heralds beam afar,
And smiling morns and roseate eves
Her glad attendants are.

The trees her gentle breathings feel,
And to their inmost vein
A thrill of bliss goes trembling through,
And burgeons forth again
In bright green buds and fragrant blooms,
Until the air around
Makes e'en the blind receive the joy
Which in her birth is found.

The cattle browsing in the fields,
The sheep upon the hills,
The happy winds that haste to kiss
The ever-murmuring rills,
All come with joy her birth to greet,
These tidings glad to sing—
"Good news again to all the earth,
The blessed birth of Spring!"

TO AN EARLY BLACKBIRD.*

O MERRY bird ! O merry bird,
That singest of the Spring !
What pleasant thoughts and joyous hopes
Thy bonny warblings bring.
They tell of sunshine and of flowers,
Of hedge-rows rich and rare,
Where blooms the unseen violet—
Its fragrance telling where.

They tell of snowdrops on the bank—
Those innocents of flowers—
That love so much the early sun,
But dread its later powers ;
Whose tender natures will not bear
The sin and taints of earth,
But pass like children loved of heaven,
To God who gave them birth.

They tell of bright and sunny spots,
The crowding primrose loves,
Of blithesome evening rambles made,
Amid the budding groves.
They tell of murmured music sweet,
From every flowing rill,
Along whose smiling banks is seen
The dew-fed daffodil.

They tell of Winter passed away
 Unto the gloomy North ;
Of cheerful morns, and balmy eves,
 And days which woo us forth
From noisy towns and bustling streets,
 To green and flowery fields :
They tell of all the coming joys
 A gracious Nature yields.

Of trees, and fields, and flowers they tell,
 Of mirth, and love, and song ;
Of fancy's dreams, and reveries,
 The rustling woods among.
They tell of brighter, sunnier days ;
 Raise visions blessed and free ;
Of all the glories of the year
 They are a prophecy.

Of lovers' evening strolls they tell,
 Confessions rapt and sweet ;
And are the blithest notes that e'er
 The lonely wanderer greet.
Like angel voices heard at night,
 When all the world is still,
They soothe, console, exalt and bless,
 And all our senses thrill.

O merry bird ! O merry bird,
 Thou singest of the Spring,
And pleasant thoughts and joyous hopes
 Thy bonny warblings bring.

I never hear thy welcome notes
 But deeply I rejoice,
 For thou hast ever been to me
 A spirit and a voice.

TO THE FIRST CUCKOO OF THE YEAR.*

THE flowers were blooming fresh and fair,
 The air was sweet and still ;
 A sense of joy in all things beamed
 From woodland, dale, and hill ;
 On every spray had fairies hung
 Their sparkling lamps of dew,
 When first across the meadows rung
 Thy welcome voice, cuckoo :
 " Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" No blither sound
 In all the songs of birds is found.

The early sun was mildly bright,
 The woods were sleeping still,
 And scarce a chirp came from the trees,
 Or murmur from the rill ;
 It was as Nature paused to hear
 Thy pleasant song again,
 And in her expectation hushed
 Each heart-rejoicing strain.
 " Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" No blither sound
 In all the songs of birds is found.

And as thy voice rung through the air,
All Nature fairer grew ;
The primrose had a brighter tint,
The violet deeper blue,
The cowslip hung a richer bloom,
More sweetly breathed the may,
And greener seemed the very grass
In listening to thy lay,
"Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" No blither sound
In all the songs of birds is found.

And, wand'ring through the air, thy song
Was now afar, now near--
A song that in its airiness
Is witchery to hear :
And never is the Spring complete
Without thy changeless voice,
And in thy coming to our woods,
O cuckoo, all rejoice.
"Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" No blither sound
In all the songs of birds is found.

THE GREAT HARPIST.

God's blessing on the ancient soul
 Who first taught moral ears
 To list with conscious rapture, to
 The music of the spheres !
 Who through this world-bestudded space,
 A holy order saw ;
 And orbs, revolving orbs around,
 In one harmonious law.
 All chords of one stupendous lyre,
 Struck by the one eternal Sire.

O call it not a poet's dream ;
 A rapt enthusiast's thought ;
 For music aye is welling from
 Whatever God has wrought.
 Day unto day, night unto night,
 Through all their changes sing ;
 And all creation joins the hymn—
 The lowliest, loftiest thing.
 All chords of one stupendous lyre,
 Struck by the one eternal Sire !

Hark ! the ocean's thunder bass !
 The ripple of the rill !
 The nightingale's soul-piercing song !
 The lark's exquisite trill !

Bird, beast, and insect, one and all,
The weakly and the strong,
Join in the universal strain,
The God-thanksgiving song.
All chords of one stupendous lyre,
Struck by the one eternal Sire !

And round and round the mighty worlds,
Roll on their destined way ;
And Seraphs list, with ravished ears,
The God-inspired lay.
Thus earth and ocean, air and space,
Their myriad voices blend,
And all unite in praising God—
In praising without end.
All chords of one stupendous lyre,
Struck by the one eternal Sire.

SONG.

DEAR my Love, the Spring is come ;
Haste away, haste away ;
The birds are blithe on every bough,
Singing to the flowers below,
And we must travel far to-day.

Dear my Love, the Summer's come ;
Haste away, haste away ;
The heavens above are bright and blue,
And earth is blessed, and we are true,
And life is bright with us to-day.

Dear my Love, the Autumn's come ;
Haste away, haste away ;
The yellow corn the reapers reap,
And singing o'er their labours, keep
A merry heart for us to-day.

Dear my Love, the Winter's come ;
Haste away, haste away ;
The earth is grey, and grey our hair ;
And calmly, gladly we prepare
To welcome in a brighter day.

SONG.*

My heart is like a fountain,
Ever springing fresh and free ;
Ever playing in the sunlight,
Blithely, gladly, merrily.
O its music never ceases
In its murmuring melody ;
And the song 'tis ever singing
Is, dear love, in praise of thee.

My heart is like a river,
 Flowing ever to the sea ;
Its joyous waters bounding
 With a wild and gushing glee.
It sings at break of morning ;
 It sings the night to see ;
And the song 'tis ever singing
 Begins and ends with thee.

My heart is full of sunshine,
 And smiles on all below ;
It cheers the heart of childhood,
 And age's head of snow.
It will not know of sorrow,
 But is blithe as blithe can be ;
And longs not for to-morrow,
 While to-day is spent with thee.

THE LOVERS.

THY arms were twined around my neck,
 That solemn twilight hour ;
And hope, and joy love would not check,
 Held me beneath their power.

The silent sky's calm, cloudless grace
 Enfolded us around ;
And in thy pure and rapt embrace
 A Paradise I found.

There was no stir in all the air,
From tree, or bird, or wind ;
The waving of thy flowing hair
Left not a sound behind.

Heart-throbbing whispers only passed,
Loveful, 'tween thee and me,
And sweetly trembling, thick and fast,
They fell in ecstasy.

Then came faith's earnest look and word,
And then love's sealing kiss ;—
Oh God, that hour the angels heard
A mortal's throb of bliss !

GOING HOME.*

Now we are going home, Mary—
O years have passed away,
Since first these blessed words, Mary,
My lips to you did say.
The summer sun was high and bright,
The earth with flowers was gay,
But gayer, brighter far was I—
It was our wedding-day.

Now we are going home, Mary—
O you remember well,
When next these words I said, Mary,
We'd buried little Nell :

And lonely-hearted home we went ;
It seemed a gloomy place,
Till God in his good mercy changed,
Our sorrow into grace.

Now we are going home, Mary—
The brighter home above ;
Where Angel Ellen waits, Mary,
To greet us with her love.
Nor grief, nor pain, nor care, nor woe,
Can cross its sacred door—
There thou, and I, and she, will dwell
At home for evermore.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

My heart is buoyant, blithe and free,
And to itself is singing
A song of wondrous melody,
With joy and rapture ringing—
A love-inspired and loveful lay,
To welcome in Love's chosen Day.

Oh, could I wed it into words,
In all its glorious vaunting,
No song of Spring-enraptured birds
Could match its gladsome chanting !
A stream of golden words were they
Could fitly sing Love's chosen Day.

A song of laughter, life, and flowers ;
Of all things bright and loving ;
Of youth and beauty ; sunny showers,
And pleasant fields for roving ;
Of shady lanes, where lovers gay
Might welcome in Love's chosen Day.

Of rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes ;
Of lips made for the kissing ;
Of dimpled chins, Dan Cupid's prize,
He never will be missing ;
Of plighted troths, which none betray,
When made on this, Love's chosen Day.

Love's rarest glories in the strain
Would find a fit revealing,
If all that's humming in my brain,
And through my senses stealing,
Were clothed in words to grace the lay
In honour of Love's chosen Day.

But still the wordless strain goes on,
All beauteous fancies raising,
Yet ever ends in praise of One
Who is above all praising.
For her alone this Lay of mine ;
My own, my love—my Valentine

A SONG FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BEFORE the sun had kissed the East,
Or oped the petals of the flowers,
A little songster left his nest,
His mossy bed, and leafy bowers ;
And 'neath my window carolled free,
What now I carol, Love, to thee.

“ Sweet, sweet, sweet ! O sweet is love !
Tira, lira ; sweet, sweet, sweet !
Cheep, cheep, cheep ; come let us prove
Love's thrilling joys, for life is fleet.
Cheep, cheep, cheep ; how sweet, sweet, sweet,
Tira, lira, when lovers meet !

“ Sweet, sweet, sweet ; O sweet the kiss,
Tira, lira ; sweet, sweet, sweet !
Cheep, cheep, cheep ; when fond lips press—
So press, fond lips, for life is fleet.
Cheep, cheep, cheep ; how sweet, sweet, sweet,
Tira, lira, when lovers meet !

“ Sweet, sweet, sweet ! sweet is wooing :
Tira, lira ; sweet, sweet, sweet !
Cheep, cheep, cheep, doves are cooing,
And so let us, for life is fleet !
Cheep, cheep, cheep ; how sweet, sweet, sweet,
Tira, lira, when lovers meet !

"Sweet, sweet, sweet ! love for ever !
 Tira, lira ; sweet, sweet, sweet !
 Cheep, cheep, cheep, love dies never,
 So let us love, for life is fleet !
 Cheep, cheep, cheep ; how sweet, sweet, sweet,
 Tira, lira, when lovers meet !"

Thus 'neath my window lustily
 The little fellow piped and sung ;
 Half sleeping, half awake, was I,
 Rapt by the magic of his tongue.
 His notes all rung as words to me,
 And thus I send them, Love, to thee.

1859.

 SO VERY KIND WAS HE.

HE said he loved me for myself,
 And sought no richer prize ;
 Than gold or jewels far, was I,
 More precious in his eyes.
 Were kingdoms his, he'd give them up,
 To have but only me ;
 For I was dearer far than all—
 So very kind was he.

What treasure equals Love ? he asked ;
 What wealth a woman's smile ?
 What power like hers to cheer the heart,
 And life's dark cares beguile ?

She is an angel on the earth ;
 A seraph bright is she ;
 All this he said, and I believed—
 So very kind was he.

And would I share his lot ? he asked,
 And would I be his wife ?
 And thus for ever bless his home.
 And glorify his life.
 His voice was low, his face was true,
 And dear his words to me :
 What could I do but answer, Yes ?—
 So very kind was he.

“WHEN WILL THE LETTER COME?”

HER face was lined with toil and care ;
 Grey hairs hung silvery round her brow ;
 Yet marks of former grace were there,
 Though all was sad and painful now.
 With trembling steps she trod the earth,
 Bowed down by grief as well as years ;
 And oft, oh oft her lonely hearth
 Was wetted with her aged tears.

For she had reared an only son,
 To be her age's help and joy ;
 Had watched his years pass one by one,
 Till manhood crowned her darling boy.

Then all her pleasure turned to pain ;
She lost the ruby of her pride ;
In other lands he had to gain
The bread which England him denied.

O sad the parting of those twain !
His brave heart ready seemed to break ;
But hers woe's cup will never drain,
And but in death will cease to ache.
And now she walks the village through,
In helpless vacant misery,
And knows not—what is known to few—
Her child lies dead beneath the sea.

And day by day as sounds the horn
Which tells the village postman near,
She rises from her hearth forlorn,
And for a moment dries her tear ;
Then, trembling, totters to the door,
To see him pass her wretched home,
Then wrings her hands, and weeps the more,
And asks, "When will the letter come?"

And oft she asks her neighbours round,
If aught they know of Willie dear ;
But none have balsam for her wound,
And none can dry the mother's tear.
But ever through the day she moans
Or in the streets, at church, or home,
In sad monotony of tones—
"Oh, when, when will the letter come?"

THE ONE JOY.

THE sun was grandly setting ;
The purple clouds were bright—
She heeded not their beauty,
She waited for the night.

The trees were sweetly rustling,
Kissed by the summer wind—
Thoughts sweeter than their music
Entranced and filled her mind.

Loud rung the happy laughter
Of children at their play—
Her heart beat no glad response,
With them she was not gay.

The night-bird's earliest warblings
Rung through the joyous air—
For his blest notes of loving
She had no thought to spare.

The appointed hour was ringing
Across the crocused swells—
Oh, now she listened gladly,
And blest the chiming bells.

THE QUEEN OF FERNY DELL.

For as the last tones trembled,
And joined the setting sun,
He held her, clasping fondly,
Who brought all joys in one.

THE QUEEN OF FERNY DELL.

SHE made a wreath of briony,
And held it to the light ;
But by my troth its sparkling gems
Were than her eyes less bright.
I wreathed it round her brow and crowned
Her Queen of Ferny Dell ;
And never yet was monarch born
Who filled a throne so well.

For Beauty graced her Sylvan Court,
Wild flowers and fern her throne ;
A little streamlet prattled there
With music all our own.
And breathing love-charms there we lay,
Two hearts enshrined in bliss ;
And ever as she archly smiled,
I stole a loving kiss.

O I would make my resting place
The palace of her love ;
Grass, fern, brook, flowers and smiles below,
The bright blue sky above.

How blest were life, if I for aye
 Could there with Polly dwell,
 And be the King and she the Queen
 Of fairy Ferny Dell.

THE DEVONSHIRE LASSIES.

O GRAND the hills of Devonshire,
 And lovely are her dales,
 And sweet the murmur of her woods,
 When fanned by summer gales ;
 The flowers along her green hedge-rows
 Are beautiful to see,
 But, O by far, her Lassies are
 More beautiful to me.

Some like the daisies on the lea,
 Sweet, shy, retiring things ;
 As fair and fragrant as the bine
 That round the cottage clings :
 E'en so they cling around the heart
 And twine their tendrils there,
 But oh, so sweet such bondage is,
 We love its chains to bear.

And some with dark and sparkling eyes
 Come flashing on our way,
 And glinting 'mid the bright green ferns
 Like sunbeams in their play :

With witching smiles they woo us on
O'er grass or teded hay,
And oh, at last, the fond pursuit
With witching smiles repay.

Their merry laughter through the vale
In gladness peals along,
Sweet as the flow of pebbly brook,
Or as the linnet's song ;
With modest archness in the eye,
And smiles upon the lip—
O one would be a butterfly
On such sweet flowers to sip !

O bright as are their summer skies,
And lovely as their dales ;
And gentle as the sweet South wind
Which in the Spring prevails ;
And merry as the lark in love,
And sweet as is the briar,
And joyous as their Summers, are
The girls of Devonshire.

O grand the hills of Devonshire,
And lovely are her dales,
And sweet the murmur of her woods,
When fanned by summer gales ;
The flowers along her green hedge-rows
Are beautiful to see,
But, O by far, her Lassies are
More beautiful to me.

TO MARY:

ON HER SENDING A PRIMROSE FROM DEVONSHIRE.

PALE Primrose, plucked by loving hands,
Of loving hearts the sign ;
How precious are thy faded leaves !
What joy to call thee mine !
What pleasant memories round thee hang,
Of sunny bank and dell,
Where once with her who gathered thee
'Twas blessedness to dwell.

Thy leaves, though faded, still have power
Sweet Devon to recall ;
Her woods, her lanes, her girls, and one
The dearest of them all.
Her hands have touched thy slender stalk ;
Her smile is on thee still ;
And, as I gaze on thee, I hear
Her laughter's merry trill !

Sweet faded flower ! thy native place
Is now before my sight ;
And dear to me the lovely home
Of thy companions bright.
I see the banks with wild flowers crowned ;
The violet sweet I see ;
I see the snowy hawthorns' bloom ;
The cowslips on the lea.

I see the richly-dowered vales ;
 I feel the fragrant breeze,
 Which, kissing all fair Devon's flowers,
 Comes murmuring through the trees.
 And pure and blessed memories rise
 Of hours serenely free,
 When glad in heart I wandered there
 With her who gathered thee.

Rich fancies hover round a flower
 Love's touch has made divine ;
 And, dearest Mary, with this lay
 May fancies rich be thine.
 Though far away, in lonely hours
 May it recall to thee,
 What, far away, this faded flower
 Will e'er recall to me.

TO EDWARD CAPERN,

RURAL POSTMAN AND POET.

BIRMINGHAM TO BIDEFORD GREETING.

My bonny boy, my bonny boy—
 Fair Devon's favourite child ;
 Her blithest lark, who all the year
 Sings in her woodlands wild.

Thy song is heard among her dales
And on her mountain's side,
And few may boast a merrier heart
In all her valleys wide.

Her girls rejoice thy songs to hear,
And well their sweetness prove ;
For none like thee can give a voice
To all the thoughts of love.
Their smiles are showered for thy reward—
A fitting meed it is ;
But oft a fitter crowns thy work—
A gladdened maiden's kiss !

My bonny boy, my bonny boy,
Thy life is bright and free ;
For all things dowered with life and grace
Have witching charms for thee.
The flowers along the green hedge-side,
The birds upon the wing,
The toil of merry labourers,
Thy muse delights to sing.

My bonny boy, my bonny boy,
May many years be thine,
To sing of Devon's worthies and
Her lassies' charms divine !
And may the Muses bless thy song,
With laurels crown thy brow,
Until all England greet her bard,
E'en as I greet him now.

LITTLE PETSEY.

My little Petsey, darling child,
Thou angel of the home ;
Thy merry prattle, graceful sports,
Life's sunny dew-drops, come,
And softly steal into the heart,
Perplexed enough elsewhere ;
But, little golden-headed sprite,
With thee is banished care.

Thy presence is a gladness, felt
By all who gaze on thee ;
But more than all, my blue-eyed pride,
Is it a joy to me.
No music like thy laughing voice,
No beauty like thy smile ;—
For thy sweet notes no discord know,
Thy beauty has no guile.

There hangs around thee still, dear girl,
The glory, peace, and love,
Which thou receiv'dst but yesterday
From thy first home above :
And o'er this earthly home there rains
A heaven from thy sweet eyes,
Which sheds a radiance all its own
Round home's sweet paradise.

Thou blessed creature, full of light,
And hope, and trust, and mirth,
My joy in thee has grown, and grown,
Since thy bright hour of birth :
And now, as prattling strangest things
Thou sittest on my knee,
I feel indeed how poor were life,
My darling, without thee.

Whence come those wondrous questionings
Of things beyond thy mind ?
For which in vain my love and thought
Would fitting answers find.
There is a daring boldness oft,
And often wisdom deep,
In thy surmises, queries, thoughts,
Might make the wisest weep.

And in thy games such freedom's thine,
As sinlessness bestows ;
And that pure grace so many seek,
But only childhood knows.
I love thee in thy merry hours,
And in thy thoughtful moods ;
Thy presence cheers me in the crowds,
And cheers in solitudes.

I teach thee much, dear child, but more
Thou teachest unto me ;
A wisdom books may never teach,
Unconscious comes from thee.

God's choicest treasure on the earth,
 His richest gift art thou ;
 Thou saving angel of the home,
 Heaven's seal is on thy brow !

THE WORLD IS VERY FAIR.*

LET gloomy hearts that never knew
 One touch of laughing mirth—
 Tear-loving eyes, unused to view
 The beauties of the earth—
 Proclaim this life a dreary vale,
 The scene of dark despair :
 My tongue shall tell another tale—
 The world is very fair.

New glories all the year adorn,
 And hers are sunny days ;
 Calm eve succeeds to stirring morn ;
 Flowers deck the common ways ;
 Green fields are pranked in every dale,
 And copses rich and rare ;
 Now sings the lark—now nightingale—
 That all is very fair.

The brooklet murmurs to the stream—
 The stream the river tells—
 The river rolls the mighty theme
 To where old ocean dwells ;

The hills unto the mountains sing
The same soul-cheering air—
The mountains back the burden fling—
“The world is very fair.”

O, full of beauty is the day,
And full of grace the night,
And life in every form and way
Is crowded with delight ;
Each breeze that kisses dale and hill,
And loves to linger there,
To heaven breathes the tidings still—
“The world is very fair.”

And when we have earth's glories won—
Enjoyed our world of love,
And when our three score years are done,
There *is* a heaven above.
Enough of woe our lives reveal—
Enough of grief and care—
To make us still more deeply feel
The world is very fair.

THE WOOING AND WEDDING.

O JOHNNY comes whistling across the gay meadow,
As I gather the cowslips there,
And whistling, as he is whistling ever,
The tune I love best, sweet "Robin Adair."
I know he is standing and watching me now,
But still I pluck on, not seeming to see ;
And sweeter and dearer that tune is agrowing,
For I know he is whistling it only for me.
O Johnny is bonny, and Johnny is free,
As honest a laddie as ever can be,
And I am the lassie he loves.

O Johnny is singing, "Come, Love, let's a-Maying,"
While I with my rake am turning the hay ;
And though I say nothing, I long for the gloaming,
When down the green lanes we'll be wandering away.
Then words will be said more sweet than the singing,
And promises made so precious to hear ;
For, O, when Love whispers i' the grey o' the evening,
The heart knows a bliss which it scarcely can bear.
O Johnny is bonny, and Johnny is free,
As honest a laddie as ever can be,
And I am the lassie he loves.

O Johnny is laughing while gaily he's reaping—
His laugh is the richest that ever you heard—
For the men they are joking, and merrily asking
"If yet he has built a nest for his bird?"

And my heart with delight is rapidly beating,
For I know who the bird is that's meant for that nest ;
And Johnny looks up with a glance from his reaping,
And singles me out with that glance from the rest.
O Johnny is bonny, and Johnny is free,
As honest a laddie as ever can be,
And I am the lassie he loves.

O Johnny is smiling with joy as he's walking
Away from the church with me by his side ;
And loudly and merrily th' old bells are ringing,
And friends too are blessing both bridegroom and bride.
But my heart to itself even scarcely dare whisper
How I above maidens supremely am blest ;
Since Johnny has chosen me out from all others,
Has chosen me out the one bird for his nest !
O Johnny is bonny, and Johnny is free,
As honest a laddie as ever can be,
And I am the lassie he weds.

SUNNY DAYS.*

O SUNNY days! O sunny days!
We welcome you again ;
For grace and beauty come with you
And follow in your train.
The glory of your presence thrills
With joy's divinest powers ;
And all the earth to meet your smiles
Puts on her robe of flowers.

The lark goes warbling unto God
The love which you inspire ;
The thrush pours forth his stream of song,
And trills his heart's desire.
From every bush, from every tree
Resounds the song of praise,
Which all creation sings to you—
O bright and sunny days.

The insects loud their pleasure buzz ;
The murmuring rills reply ;
The breezes kiss the fragrant flowers ;
And trees responses sigh.
No voice is still—all things unite
In one rich song of praise ;
And more than all do we rejoice
Once more in sunny days.

HAVELOCK.

IN that far-distant land our hero sleeps
In which he wrought his glorious deeds of fame ;
But o'er his tomb a grateful nation weeps,
And mingles with her prayers his sacred name.
Already in our hearts is he enshrined,
With all the darling heroes of our race ;
And side by side with them shall Havelock find
Through all-abiding time an honoured place.

His ashes rest beneath the Eastern skies,
But oh, his spirit dwells with us at home ;
And from our hearts thanksgivings daily rise,
That from our stock such heroes aye have come.
All words too feeble are to tell his praise,
Too weak our words to tell a nation's grief,
Yet still we gratefully our voices raise,
And thus for o'erwrought feelings get relief.

Oh god-like hero, brave, and good, and wise,
Truth-loving and God-fearing was thy life !
A saint of rarest type, thy soul could rise
Above the tumult of thy daily strife.
War's bloody horrors never hardened thee :
As woman thou wert pitiful ; as lion brave :
And mothers with their children bend the knee,
And shed commingling tears above thy grave.

Oh noble one, while lasts our English tongue,
The memory of thy deeds shall never die !
In history's page, in story and in song,
Their worth shall blossom forth perennially.
A far more glorious lot awaits thy name,
Than marble mausoleum e'er can give :
The stone decays ; but deathless is thy fame,
For in a people's love shall Havelock live.

BRIDE AND WIDOW.

O YESTERMORN, the bells were ringing
 So merrily, they seemed to feel
 The joy and rapture they were bringing
 With their blessed bridal peal.
 O merrily, merrily floats along
 The flower-sprent valley their glad ding-dong !

O yestermorn, with hope unbounded,
 They stood before God's holy throne,
 With truest love and friends surrounded,
 Two joyous hearts by love made one.
 O merrily, merrily floats along
 The flower-sprent valley their glad ding-dong !

O yestermorn, the priest with blessing
 Prayed their future would be fair ;
 O yestermorn, dear love's caressing
 Made e'en parting lose its care.
 O merrily, merrily floats along
 The flower-sprent valley their glad ding-dong !

But oh, to-day the rolling billows
 With a fierce and stormy surge
 O'er their mountains and their hollows
 Roar a sad and gloomy dirge.
 On the strand, oh, on the strand the tide is sweeping ;
 And on the strand a new-made widow's weeping.

For he, the happy bridegroom yesternorn,
 A corpse beneath the billows lies ;
 And she, the happy bride, now stands forlorn,
 And on the waters looks with hopeless eyes.
 On the strand, oh, on the strand the tide is sweeping ;
 And on the strand a new-made widow's weeping.

And o'er the sands the cruel waves are rolling,
 Rejoicing at the wreck upon the shore,
 Heedless of the heart's death knell that's tolling
 For the lost one coming nevermore.
 On the strand, oh, on the strand the tide is sweeping ;
 And on the strand a new-made widow's weeping.

THE BURDEN OF TYRE.

ISAIAH c. xxiii.

The burden of Tyre : though over the waters
 In triumph and splendour her argosies ride :
 Though proud be her sons, and far prouder her daughters,
 She shall fall, saith the Lord, she shall fall in her pride.

Her wealth and her glory shall nothing avail,
 Her merchants and traders, though princes they be ;
 I will raze every fortress, and rend every sail,
 Of this Lord of the earth, of this Queen of the sea.

Her palace and mart I will level to earth ;
The strength of her arm I will wholly destroy ;
Her daughters' wild tears shall follow their mirth,
And the low wail of sorrow succeed to their joy.

She is doomed ! she is doomed ! where her children have
fed,
Shall the wolf and the raven find shelter and food ;
O'er her pride and her glory my wrath will I shed,
And her name shall be shrouded in darkness and blood.

R E W A R D .

Oh the agony of life, the burden of its sorrow,
Oft weighs upon the soul too heavily to bear ;
To each unfruitful day succeeds an unfulfilling morrow,
And the voice of doubt comes fearful as the wailings of
despair.

The noble aspirations that in youth the soul inspired,
To deeds of glorious sacrifice, where have they vanished
now ?
Oh dimly beams the eye that once with purest hopes was
fired,
And calmly now reposes the once-ensanguined brow.

The cold hand of the world the noblest aims have blighted,
And selfishness its withering touch has laid upon the
heart ;

For cynic tongues have sneered, and cynic minds have slighted,
The self-denying ones who strove to make a temple of the mart.

And now to raise the world from out its slough of degradation,
Who would lose a single pleasure, or throw aside a gain,
When the only fruit that follows such deeds of abnegation,
Are the scorn and scoff of jesters, and unrequited pain.

“And if you laboured but for these,” said a soft voice in replying,
“Your actions met with their desert, a fit requital found;
The world might turn aside, but the love that is undying
Would have borne you through such trials, and kept your purpose sound.

Then Hope, with rainbow glories, her graces o'er you throwing,
Had gently said, ‘he labours but in vain who toils alone for time;’
And this simple truth once deeply feeling, loving, knowing,
Had filled your heart with rapture, making woe itself sublime.

Then Faith, the angel of this world, had made you more enduring,
To suffer uncomplainingly, if in a holy cause;
Had made you see that he an empty bubble is securing,
Who labours not for higher ends than profit or applause.

And Love, and Hope, and Faith within the soul remaining,
 In lowliest duty-doing lead the spirit Heaven-ward ;
 And he who has a chamber for their thrice-blessed retaining,
 May dwell in slight, and want, and sorrow, but he has
 a rich reward !”

MY RICHES.

MEN call me poor ; and so the world,
 The giddy world, will turn aside,
 And leave me on my path to go—
 In poverty, and rage, and pride ?
 Not so. They err. I am not poor ;
 But richer than the richest there.
 O I have wealth, unbounded wealth,
 And jewels precious, rich and rare !

Whole kingdoms I can call my own ;
 Possessions too beyond the earth ;
 Above the stars my glories are ;
 And heaven was mine before my birth.
 I cannot count my treasures o'er ;
 Can scarcely compass them in thought ;
 They lie around me everywhere ;
 And are from every region brought.

All that the gold of earth has gained ;
 All that the skill of man creates,
Are mine ; and to the number still,
 Each passing day adds new estates.
The castle, lordly pomp erects ;
 The minster, reared by holy zeal ;
The palace trod by queenly feet,
 Were built for me : no charmed seal

That pride exclusive would put on,
 Can close 'gainst me the open door ;
I live beyond their walls, and yet
 Each day I own them more and more.
Nought is too grand, too high for me ;
 No rank disturbs my quiet joy :
My wealth so firm and changeless is,
 No power on earth can it destroy.

The tree its glories spreads for me ;
 The wood provides its slumbrous shade ;
For me the flower is beautiful ;
 For me the change of hill and glade.
I keep my choir of singers sweet,
 And music greets me when I will ;
The lark, the thrush, the nightingale,
 Attend me with their varied skill

For me is made the shady lane,
 Its banks of flowers on either side ;
For me the rarely looked at glen,
 And cultured champaign rich and wide.

For me is gemmed the insect world ;
 For me all rare creations are ;
 For me is stream, and tree, and flower ;
 For me the earth, the sea, the star.

For me those fairies of all time,
 God's blessèd children sport and play :
 For me are glorious dreams by night,
 And still more glorious dreams by day.
 For me th' unnumbered dead have lived ;
 For me inspired each poet soul ;
 For me all triumphs won since first
 Prometheus fire from Heaven stole.

All these are mine : the world of books—
 The world of Homer, Shakspeare, all
 The priceless store no wealth can buy,
 Await in love my patient call.
 All these are mine : and also mine
 A kingdom far e'en these above,
 With gems, and flowers, and blisses strewn—
 The kingdom rich of woman's love.

Then am I poor ? Ye who possess
 The wealth of gold, not having these,
 Are sunk in poverty more deep
 Than ever mortal hopes did freeze.
 I am not poor : poor cannot be,
 While treasures thus my hand await ;
 Compared with such possessions, mean
 Are pride of rank, and pomp of state.

Call me not poor ; for poverty
 Ne'er harboured in a heart like mine ;
My riches never can be told,
 And all my treasures are divine.
Ye proud ones scoff and turn aside ;
 Ye foolish keep your state for me ;
For all your riches without these,
 I would not change my poverty.

THE VOTE OF THE 19TH.

Huzza ! for dear old England—
 The home of liberty !
The crime-stained despot hater ;
 The lover of the free:
The blood that warmed our Fathers,
 Our own life-current flows,
And in their names their children
 Will tyranny oppose.

Our hearts still beat as warmly—
 Still love the "good old cause ;"
And we at foreign bidding
 Will never change our laws.
Though foolish nations hector,
 And shriek to hide their fright ;
We know our strength to suffer,
 And know our strength to smite.

The servile, the time server,
 Forgetful of his place,
 May shame his English fathers,
 Nor blush at the disgrace :
 May with complaisant smiling
 Before the despot bend,
 And sink the English statesman
 In France's Tyrant's friend !

O, three-fold shame rest on him !
 But three-fold praise on those
 Whose voices 'gainst dishonour
 In unison arose ;
 Who kept their England spotless ;
 Who held her name on high ;
 Who saved, in this its peril,
 The home of Liberty !

O, never shall our England—
 The land of Shakspeare's tongue,
 Of Cromwell's deathless valour,
 Of Milton's sacred song—
 O, never shall our England
 Forget the "good old cause ;"
 To foreign bidding never
 Shall England change her laws.

February 19th, 1858.

This piece was written in joy at the justly-earned defeat of Lord Palmerston, when he sunk the English statesman in the servile friend of a Louis Napoleon, and forgot all English precedents in his haste to please the host of hectoring French colonels who gostered so loudly on the other side of the channel.

TO ANNIE.

O, BONNY is the Blackbird's voice
As he warbles to his love,
And pours his boundless joy in song
Till his music fills the grove ;
And richly gushes forth his strain
As a stream from mountain spring ;
And blithe and free
Is the melody,
From morn's first ray
Till set of day
This merry, merry bird will sing ;
But O, my Annie, darling mine,
His voice is not so blithe as thine !

O, jocund is the Thristle's voice
As he pipes from out the bush ;
And Nature charmed, to catch his strain,
Will her thousand voices hush.
Lik a full-fed river rolling on
Flows the current of his song,
So loud and clear,
His love to cheer,
From his speckled throat
Comes note on note,
And trembles, thrilling the air along ;
But O, my Annie, darling mine,
His voice is not so blithe as thine !

O sweetly, sweetly sings the Lark,
As he rises to the sky,
And showers his love-notes to his mate
In a flood of melody.
As rippling, rippling down they flow
From the songster's gushing heart,
More sweet than rill
Down a pebbly hill,
His warblings flow
To her below,
And the joys of love impart ;
But O, my Annie, darling mine,
His voice is not so sweet as thine !

O hush ! it is the Nightingale !
And he trills his glorious lay,
With heart as light, and love as pure,
As the blithest bird of day.
The silent heaven, and silent earth,
Are entranced his voice to hear.
Now soft and low
His trillings flow,
Now loud and strong,
The pride of song,
They with music's raptures cheer ;
But O, dear Annie, darling mine,
His voice is not so rich as thine !

WHY I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE the rising and the setting sun ;
I love the daylight and the midnight sky ;
I love to gaze upon the moon and stars,
When ever-changing clouds sail lightly by.
I love the rippling of the pebbly brook ;
I love the rolling of the restless sea ;
And loving all things beautiful and fair,
I cannot help, thou fairest, loving thee.

I love the voice of every singing bird ;
On children playing much I love to gaze ;
I love the cattle on the glorious hills,
I love the glorious hills on which they graze.
I love down shady lanes at eve to stroll ;
I love the flowers which gem the fragrant lea ;
And loving all things beautiful and fair,
I cannot help, thou fairest, loving thee.

I love the pleasant Spring time, and I love
The glowing splendour which the Summer brings ;
I love the golden Autumn, and the snow
Which Winter o'er earth's forehead softly flings.
I love the noble deeds which men have done ;
I love th' immortal voice of poesy ;
And loving all things beautiful and fair,
I cannot help, thou fairest, loving thee.

A PORTRAIT.

SHE was the flower of maidenhood,
The rose of womankind ;
Her voice excelled the lark's, her breath
Was fragrance in the wind.

Calm gentleness sat on her brow ;
Hung round her movements, grace ;
And from her eyes rained sparkling charms,
Which gladdened all her face.

Where'er she came her presence brought
A sense of pure delight ;
She walked the earth in joyousness,
In beauty's life and light.

And not a flower but lovelier seemed
Reposing on her breast ;
And not a joy but purer grew,
If but with her possessed.

And thus she lived, still bringing joy,
A woman fair and true ;
Filled with the graces of her sex,
As morning flowers with dew.

The world had never sullied her,
In faith her path she trod ;
She was as free from taint as one
But yesterday from God.

AUTUMN.

THE woods are in their golden robes of glory clad,
And every tree's a world of beauty bright and glad,
And gladness gives to all ;
Yet gladness with a tinge of melancholy fraught,
For with this golden glory comes the mournful thought—
How soon 'twill fall !

The dark, grey, sombre, sunless skies look on, and frown ;
Thick clouds of myriad-tinted leaves come rustling down,
Though mildest breezes play :
And all this radiant beauty, scattered by a breath,
But like the wondrous grace which follows after death,
Foretells decay.

To him indeed who looks beneath the face of things,
A stronger hope, one all and far-pervading springs,
More glorious and more bright
Than is the heavenly splendour of the Autumn woods,
While thus it streams upon his dazzled gaze in floods,
And cheers the sight—

The hope of life renewed ! Death is the gate of life.

Decay with resurrection germs is ever rife ;—

For every leaf we see

Lie rotting on the cold, dark, slush and sodden ground,

Fell not till in its place a fresh young bud was found

Upon the tree :

And thus the glories of the blessed Autumn time

Are, by nearness to death, more precious than the prime

Of earth's young sun can show—

A beauty more serene, from earthly soil more free ;

For in their radiant, golden death, they prophesy

Life's ceaseless flow.

O, infancy is riant, beautiful and blest !—

The age of Eden innocence, whereon's imprest

The flowers of that abode !

Yet is old age more gloriously divine, more fair ;

Its graces too a more celestial aspect wear ;

Are nearer God.

And thus we love the Spring, so genial, graceful, mild ;

And welcome it with song, and pet it as a child :

But Autumn, unto thee

We bring the deeper love—the love which has been tried ;

Which firmer grew through life's stern struggles ; will abide

Eternally.

TO MY WIFE.

“ There was ae sang, among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife :
It skirled the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.”—BURNS.

'Tis clearer far within my mind
Than things of yesterday,
That blessèd time, ten years ago,
When life was in its May,
And like a thing of joy and light
Thy being first I knew,
And daily through my course thenceforth
It bright and brighter grew.

O what a night was that when first
I gazed upon thy face !
And silently, with joy, received
Its ever-changing grace.
I strove to speak ; and yet the words
Came faltering from my tongue,
While thy sweet voice in music fell
More soft than linnet's song.

Upon thy words I rapturous dwelt,
Each smile I treasured up,
And hung o'er all its sweetness, as
A bee o'er a flower cup.

Each moment brought a new delight ;
Each word, each look, to me
Was *then* a source of purest bliss ;
Now a sweet memory.

Then suddenly all things seemed changed ;
Earth daily grew more fair ;
The flowers a richer fragrance had,
And life seemed reft of care.
My days were gladdened with sweet thoughts ;
At night I dreamt of thee ;
And in all places one dear face
For ever smiled on me.

And from that hour until the one
In which I asked thy love,
My mind, in sweetest dreaming passed,
Did heavenly fancies prove ;
For thought of thee, omnipotent,
Held other thoughts in sway,
And gilded my most trivial acts
With Love's all-brightening ray.

The sparkle of thy bright blue eye ;
Thy ringlets' waving showers ;
Thy merry laughter, musical
As fairies' in their bowers ;
Thy bounteous smile so richly mild ;
The sunshine of thy brow ;
All these were present with me then,—
Are present with me now.

Dear Love, unconscious was thy heart,
How I would nestle there ;
And how that treasure to possess
Was day and night my care.
What joy was mine if e'er by chance
I met thee in the street ;
Or heard by chance some friendly tongue
Thy bard-loved name repeat.

My rambles, ever dear to me,
Were ne'er so dear as now ;
Thy form was ever present there ;
The crowning beauty thou.
I'd gather all my favourite flowers,
And make a wreath for thee,
Then picture thee my sylvan Queen,
Love's chosen majesty.

Then radiant all my daily life
With richest fancies grew :
All saw and wondered at the change,
But none its causes knew.
A halo o'er my being hung ;
Joy made all objects fair ;
The meanest things seemed beautiful—
For love was painter there.

Such visions of the future rose,
Before my dreaming sight ;—
How shared with thee, all life would be
More beautiful and bright.

And thus entranced with visions fair,
Time smiling passed away,
Until there dawned a brighter morn,
And set a brighter day.

Dear heart ! what transport may be found
In one sweet word of love !
And how one moment may transcend
And rise all hopes above !
And oh, how proudly did I hear
From thy dear lips that word ;
And in one moment knew the bliss
Love only can accord.

I see thee now with trembling lips,
With brightly-beaming eyes ;
And hear thee now my rapture meet
With faltering low replies.
I see the look which told thy love ;
I see the glance divine ;
I hear the word so softly breathed
Which told me thou wert mine.

Ten years with all their changes, Love,
Since then have passed away,
But thou and I are still the same
In heart, as on that day.
No change our faith has undergone ;
As then our dreams are bright ;
Our trust as deep ; our hopes as pure ;
As precious our delight.

The sorrows which those years have brought,
A blessing since have proved ;
For they have struck love's deepest chord,
And showed how much we loved.
The tear which I have kissed away,
The sigh which I have shared,
Our hearts for purer, holier joys
Unconsciously prepared.

Now children gambol round our hearth,
And prattle round thy knee ;
And thou than in our wooing days
Art lovelier to me.
Thy eye beams with a mother's pride,
Thy brow with mother's grace,
And all their little beauties seem
Reflected in thy face.

O what a priceless gift, dear wife,
Thy love has been to me ;
And what a bliss our married life,
In its sweet purity.
Vain worldlings sneer at married joys,
And wifings scorn its peace ;
But angels bless its sacred ties,
And God gives them increase.

Thus year by year, have ours, dear wife,
In depth and beauty grown,
O'er grief, and pain, and struggling cares,
In brightening splendour shone.

Trust throws its power around our lives ;
Hope makes them beautiful ;
Love pours its heart-refreshing showers,
And fills our goblet full.

And now our one united prayer
Is for prolonged life,
To see each boy a noble man,
Each girl a noble wife.
Nor would we hasten then away
To Death's sweet mystery ;
But still would linger here, to dance
Some grandchild on the knee.

God's will be done. In this, as all,
We welcome his command ;
Yet might our prayer be heard, we'd tread
The Unknown hand in hand.
So dear to us our wedded life,
So sweet to us its ties ;
Together we would die, and share
The life beyond the skies.

Dear darling wife ! upon this day,
Above all days most blest,
The gentle spirit of the past
Her lips to mine has prest.
And like a picture I behold
Our ten years' life appear,
And without effort thus recall
Its every memory dear.

One kiss, dear wife ; one blessing more
On Love's fair altar lay ;
One dear old smile, one dear old look,
To consecrate this day.
The season has not many flowers,
To gather, Love, so see
A wreath of hope, and trust, and love,
Heart-flowers, I bring to thee.

O SING ONCE MORE, MY BONNIE LASSIE !

O sing once more, my bonnie lassie !
O sing that song again !
And bind my heart, my bonnie lassie,
With music's golden chain.
O let those words once more, sweet lassie,
Through all my senses steal ;
While thus I lie entranced, sweet lassie,
And heavenly raptures feel.

The lark sings blithely to his lassie,
His sky-ward song of love,
And every bird some bonnie lassie
Makes glad in field or grove :
But poor their songs to me, sweet lassie,
Who've listened unto thine ;
In whose sweet warblings, bonnie lassie,
The charms of all combine.

Then sing once more, my bonnie lassie,
And still my throbbing heart ;
Let music's powers, my bonnie lassie,
Their soothing joys impart :
Spring's love-fired singers, bonnie lassie,
Afford no richer strain ;
Then sing once more, my bonnie lassie,
O sing that song again !

ALFRED THE GREAT.

A LITTLE time, and this short life will end !—
Its cares, its joys, its luring hopes, and toils ;
With all its promises, delusive, sad,
And goldened o'er with glories ne'er obtained,
Will be no more. A little time, and I,
The king of this dear land, so much beloved,
Shall pass away to that delicious rest
So welcome to the active soul, so prized
By those who labour most, and know its worth.
A little, little time, and from this scene
Of many troubles, not unmixed with calm
As deep as ever filled the heart of man ;
Of many works begun, and some achieved ;
Of bitter sufferings in the hour of doubt,
With none to cheer, reprove, console or bless,
Yet not unvisited by some small light
Of dawning which revealed behind the cloud

The face of God, and made me *not* despair,—
 I soon must pass ; becoming but a name,
 A memory to the thought and life of man !
 Known rather by the will which would have done,
 Than by the works I did.

Here in life's prime,
 Exhausted, weak, and powerless I lie.
 The hours creep like a sluggish stream. The wax,
 Whose wasting shows time's course, melts slowly, watched,
 And will not haste to gratify a king.
 A word would bring me servants, children, friends,
 Whose hands, and tongues, and, God be praised ! whose
 hearts
 Would be employed to give me rest ; to take
 The sting from pain ; to speed time's lazy foot,
 And rob this sorrow of its bitterness.
 But I would be alone : for these few hours
 I ask no company but my own thoughts—
 But my own thoughts, and God. Thus would I be.

Must it be ever so? Throughout all time
 Will such a gulf divide the will and power ?
 The glorious visions which in youth I had !
 The projects which I formed ; the hopes I fed ;
 The lofty purposes at which I aimed ;
 The course of glory which I shadowed forth ;
 The kingdom I would make ; the people form,—
 Wise, gracious, noble, pious, learned and free—
 A people to call forth the smile of God,
 And make Him say once more the blessed word

With which Creation's end He glorified,
And call it "good." All this I hoped.
And something I have wrought : not much.
How little measured by the thing I thought,
None know so well as I. The will was strong,
But power was lacking for the will's command.
And now, my task half done, my darling land,—
My England, dear and precious to my heart
As e'er was bride upon her wedding day
Unto her lord ; but half redeemed, half won
From ignorance, impiety and foes—
From foes without and foes within—dear land,
For whom I've thought, and toiled, and dreamt, and bled ;
For whom, as freely as in other days
I mounted my swift steed to hunt the deer,
I now would die to serve ; it may not be.
I know it lying here. My life, not death,
Would serve thee most ; and I must die—must die
So strong in will, so full of glorious hopes—
Of will yet unemployed, hopes unfulfilled,
And but a fragment of the work I planned
Completed ere I die.

Dear God in Heaven !

The thought is bitter, and the pain intense.
Help me to bear the bitterness and pain,
And strengthen me in this my dying hour.

And Christ my Saviour, only Son of God,
In whom is mercy, graciousness and love,
Desert me not in this my time of need ;

But smile sweet solace on me from above,
And comfort me as thou alone canst do.

And Virgin Mother, of all maids most blest,
Dear interceder with thy glorious Son
For us poor erring men, I pray thee now,
Thou Spotless with the Sinless intercede,
That strength and mercy may unite, and bless
Thy loving sufferer in his woe and pain.

How weak is man when face to face with death
A year, a month, a day ago, and I
Had told, not without pride and conscious boast,
The record of my life—had numbered up
The deeds of my few years, and fondly claimed
Some slight return of glory and of peace.
Like fathers gazing on their children, I,
In presence of my darling acts, had felt
That exaltation of one's-self, forbid
By Christ to all who live and work in Him.
Then had I told of lawless men subdued
To honour, if not love, authority ;
Of savage foes, whom years of force and wrong,
Successful rapine, unresisted wars,
And natural love of violence and blood,
Had made the scourges of our land, o'ercome,
And driven from the soil, or made to own
The power of Christian law and Christian love ;
Of slaves made free ; of widowed hearts made glad
Of orphans taken from the oppressor's hand ;
Of unjust judges summoned from the seat

Their presence had defiled ; of holy men
Exalted to their place ; of schools upraised ;
Of learned men, of this and other lands,
Enjoined to teach the blessed lore of man,—
The still more blessed lore of God and Christ ;
Of peace secured with all its priceless fruits,—
Its social joys, security, prosperity,—
With sweet religion going hand in hand,
And kissing her fair brow, till all the land
Smiled one glad, bright, beauteous, heavenly smile.
All this, dear England, have I done for thee,—
For thee, thou one rich jewel of my love—
Thou treasure of all treasures unto me—
Thou loveliest, noblest, dearest spot of earth,
Rich in the love of God and of His Son !
But yesterday I thought it much ; to-day,
Thus looking on thy future with the eye
Which coming death illuminates, I see
How poor the Done, with what remains to do !

Yet what is done is done : and thou, O Lord,
Canst make it not in vain ! Upon thy shrine,
In solemn expiation for the sins,
Which make them all unworthy of Thy love,
I lay these simple tributes, with a heart
Which has one only merit of its own—
It ever loved and laboured for the right.
Accept them, Lord ; O take them to Thyself ;
Not for their worth, but for the sake of Him
In whose dear name, for whose dear love, they all,
The greatest and the least, were done.

No more.

The end is nigh. I feel the coming hour,
When I shall leave the darkness for the light ;
This poor half knowledge for the perfect truth ;
This weary round of never-ceasing pain
For rest in God ; this struggle with myself,
This constant war of spirit with the flesh,
This restlessness for heights yet unattained,
And unattainable by man on earth,
For that sweet peace with God and with his Christ
Which those who but believe shall surely know.

One painful scene ; one parting more ; one look
On those dear faces I so long have loved ;
One kiss from those dear lips whose words have been
Rich consolation in the darkest hour.
One long, close, last embrace with friends on earth,
And one more prayer unto the Lord of life
For this my land, and for its kingless folk,
Whose love and trust have never failed me yet,
And then, O Lord, soon as thy mercy please,
Redeem me from the bonds of death to life.
I would not longer stay : my pain is sharp :
The agony is racking all my bones :
My strength is gone : 'tis hard to stay my groans.
Yet none must know how bitterly I'm torn,
Or loving hearts would with the anguish bleed,
And I not eased. Help me, help me, O Lord !
Be merciful and quick ; teach me to bear ;
And strengthen me to bear in silence this,
And whatsoever yet remains for me.

It cannot be for long—O not for long!—
O Lord, I trust it will not be for long!
And yet—Thy will be done.

Let all come in.

LOVE CHARM.

LIKE a beam of sunlight,
Across my life she came ;
And all its gloomy places
Flashed into joyous flame.
In my heart Love nestled,
And built his rosy bowers ;
And barren wildernesses
Grew bright with sunny flowers.

Life wore a sweeter aspect ;
The hours flew clad in light ;
Time won a golden swiftness ;
My heart a new delight.
Brighter bloomed the roses ;
More sweet the violet—
Earth smiles in conscious beauty
Since that fair face I met.

Glad thoughts come to me ever ;
Sweet tunes ring in my ears ;
And day and night bring visions ;
Alternate hopes and fears ;—
Hopes still themselves fulfilling,
And fears that know not pain,—
For she is in each vision,
Her voice rings in each strain.

And now I carol lightly
As Spring-birds on the tree ;
Life's current flows a streamlet,
Bright, joyous, careless, free.
My heart-chords swept by Beauty,
The sweetest thrillings prove ;
For Effie's smiled upon me,
And crowned me with her love.

THE FIRST KISS.

THE stars have never shone so bright ;
The night was never so divine ;
And ne'er o'er such a silent sea
Did harvest moon so yellow shine.
And in our boat we glided on,
And watched the waters silently :
Old Ocean's fire-flies sparkled round,
And rivalled Heaven's own galaxy.

The softest breath of Autumn air,
Our naked foreheads fanned and kist ;
And far away on shore we saw
Fond lovers keeping lovers' tryst.
And on the stars we, silent, gazed ;
And gazed upon the silent sea ;
And watched the lovers far away,
And wondered if they loved like we.

We spoke not : but we felt the love
The tongue in vain attempts to say ;
And gazing silently on all,
Our hearts in love's deep silence lay.
'Twas then, o'ercome by Beauty's charm,
O'ercome by Love's heart-moving power,
Thy blushing lips first pressed on mine,
And sanctified that glorious hour.

Oh blessèd night ! Its memory
Is sweet and precious to me now
Again I see its moon and stars,
And feel its breath upon my brow.
Again those fire-flies round me glow ;
I see the lovers in their bliss ;
But sweeter far, I feel once more
Upon my lips thy first fond kiss.

O, ASK NOT WHY I LOVE THEE.

O, ASK not why I love thee,
But rather ask, my Fair,
Who, having gazed upon thee,
From loving could forbear ?
When breathes the early Spring-time,
The primrose will appear ;
The violet 'neath the hedge-row
Its fragrant head will rear ;
And in the light of thy blue eyes,
Love to the heart as surely flies.

Where the honey-suckle blooms,
O, there will come the bee ;
And mountain rills, though inland far,
At last will reach the sea ;
The willows on the river's bank
Will bend to kiss the stream ;
And golden will the wheat-fields glow
Beneath the Summer's beam ;
And in the light of thy blue eyes,
Love to the heart as surely flies.

Then ask not why I love thee,
But rather ask, my Fair,
Who, having gazed upon thee,
From loving could forbear ?

The flowers at morn will petals spread
With joy the sun to greet ;
And every cup will sparkling hold
A sun-kissed dew-drop sweet ;
So in the light of thy blue eyes,
Love to the heart as surely flies.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

ALL dark and gloomy was the night,
As through the wood I wandered ;
No star gave forth its ray of light,
To cheer the dark and gloomy night,
As through the wood I wandered.
And wrapt in darkness all that night
On precious things I pondered.

The winds came through the leafless trees
In wild and woeful moaning ;
Like one who, spirit-tortured, flees
Some vision which he, guilty, sees,
And hears a spectre groaning :
But ne'er to me more sweet the breeze
That comes at Summer gloaming.

The trees like spectres o'er me stood,
Their weird-like branches spreading ;
As fiends had crowded in the wood,
To banish every thought of good,
Were evil only shedding :
Yet joyous thoughts did through me flood,
The heart to rapture wedding.

For I heard from my Love that night
The word her love revealing ;
And all within was clear and bright,
And fancies of untold delight
Made glad each passing feeling ;
And I in glory moved that night,
No gloom my joy concealing.

The winds to me were music sweet ;
The darkness was unheeded ;
My lips her words, with bliss replete,
Did o'er and o'er that night repeat,
And joy to joy succeeded.
The Light of Love was all complete ;
No other light was needed.

AN ODE TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKSPEARE,

*Read at the Shakspeare Commemoration held at Aston Hall,
on Monday, April 25th, 1859.*

It was the Spring-time of the year,
And earth was full of life and love ;
An April sky, bright, blue, and clear,
Hung Avon's sedgy stream above ;
And as the waves in music rolled along,
From every bush and brake the ear was thrilled with song.

On such a glorious English morn,
(Three hundred years since then have flown,)
Our England's brightest child was born,
Her pride, her darling, all her own ;
The child whose tongue has made her language dear,
Wherever words can raise a smile or draw a tear.

Around his cradle, though unseen,
The Muses gathered, one and all,
And as he slept in sunlit sheen,
Rich blessings on the child they call.
And each in turn his sweet lips fondly pressed,
And in his sleep he smiled, as knowing who caressed.

All Nature's powers they summoned there,
His ministers and aids to be,
To breathe their secrets in his ear,
That all their wonders he might see.
And on his lips they laid a holy spell,
That from those charmed lips should sweetest music well.

And with a spell they charmed his eye
To look into the heart of things,
To pierce the veil of destiny,
And see whence every passion springs ;
They gave the richest dower they could impart,
And made him lord and master of the human heart.

Each laid her hand upon his brow—
Each on his bright face brightly smiled—
Each in his ear said, whispering low,
"We hail the Muses' favourite child."
And ever o'er that honoured child they hung,
Until the world grew richer by his deathless song.

O, large of heart with all to feel—
O, pure of sight all things to see—
O, rich in love, who could reveal
Life's ever-changing mystery !
With tongue to sing, and brain to think and plan,
Our Shakspeare soars 'bove all the song-inspired man.

Thank God he was an English child,
And spoke from birth the English tongue ;
That English skies upon him smiled,
And English nurture made him strong !
With England now is linked her Shakspeare's name,
And she the greater is for his immortal fame.

Dear child of Nature ! unto thee
All things revealed their inner life—
The cowslip blooming on the lea ;
The tempest in its awful strife ;
The fairy world its wealth and melodies,
And regions all invisible to other eyes.

From every motive of the heart,
From every fleeting humour too,
From man, from nature, and from art,
He types of human beings drew ;
Love, hate, revenge, ambition, pride,
His mind was great to grasp whatever life supplied.

Still towering high all heights above,
His glorious creations stand ;
And nations hold the works in love,
Wrought by his wonder-working hand ;
And brightest halos round his name are hung,
And poets hail him king of poetry and song !

See, summoned by his mighty name,
 The beings he created, rise ;
 See Romeo, with heart of flame,
 Othello with his agonies !
 And Lear with his dead darling of the three,
 And Hamlet probing life's too fateful mystery.

And England's ancient heroes dead,
 Live in his page eternally,
 And show us how our fathers bled
 To make and keep their country free.
 Their stories told as he alone could tell,
 Still have the power to make the patriot bosom swell.

But lo ! there comes a fairer train,
 To glad the eye, the heart to move ;—
 List ! 'tis Ophelia's dirge-like strain !
 See Juliet with her deathless love !
 And Desdemona crowned with wifhood's crown ;
 And Constance, dear to all who mother's love have known.

See regal Catherine's noble face,
 And love-compelling Rosalind ;
 Hermione with Grecian grace,
 And Imogen of purest mind ;
 And all that fair and noble galaxy,
 Which makes him woman's fittest laureate to be.

O men, O women of this land,
 Thank God for this His gift of grace ;
The king of song His bounteous hand
 Has given to His English race ;
And made this little spot, this sea-girt isle,
The earth on which the Muses shed their brightest smile !

On Avon's banks his sun arose—
 On Avon's banks his childhood's home ;
On Avon's banks his bones repose ;
 To Avon's banks fond pilgrims come.
From far-off lands they come to greet our shore—
His name and grave have honoured us for evermore.

O magic might of poesy,
 And all-subduing power of song !
Thou art the glory of the free ;
 God's noblest gifts to thee belong !
And Shakspeare is the monarch of the band,
Who are the pride of man—the lords of every land !

N I G H T .

I LOVE the silence of the night.
The world's great heart,
Rebellious, full of strife,
Eager in the race of life,
A few short hours forgets her busy part ;
And robed in darkness, from the sight
Of too intrusive eyes
Conceals herself. Then gentle sleep
Comes softly stealing over all ;
And care, and pain, and sighs,
And sorrows which for ever weep,
Making light and sun a pall,
And filling all the waking hours with gloom,
Are hushed and still : reposing mild
As on a mother's breast her child,
They lie enfolded in the arms of night,
Whose breath to them is balm, and sweet perfume ;
A gentle lullaby her voice.
Then visions glorious and bright,
Make the saddest heart rejoice,
And give for some blest hours a taste of rich delight.

I love the night, the blessed night,
In all her moods ;
In those serene and noiseless hours,
When nature ruled by angel-powers

Reposes calm and still,
And not a breath intrudes
The silent harmony to mar.
And when the moon floods vale and hill
With her celestial brightness, till
You feel heaven within your heart ;
And to such blissful beauty yield
A homage full and free.
When falling on the flower-sprent field,
The Summer-mist seems like a lake
Reflecting in its bosom each bright star,
Which sparkles in the waters, till you start
Such unimaginable splendour there to see.
When not a breeze
Shakes e'en the lightest leaf ;
And silently rejoicing stand the trees
Calm in the deep repose.
Not e'en a petal of the wakeful rose
Is moved ; not e'en a blade of grass
Betrays a daisy-loving wind to pass.
Sleep's welcome hand is laid on all,
Flower, blade, and tree,
And in the deep intensity
Of that sublime
And solemn time,
The world seems hushed in presence of her God :
And men and women walking then abroad,
In whispers speak ; the dullest feeling,
And by a grave delight revealing,
That he too has some share
In all the glories of the glorious night,

When passion has no voice, and wrong no might,
And silence in itself is prayer.

Oh Night ! oh calm and blessed night !
In this thy loveliest mood, I love
To wander in thy presence bright,
And feel thy holy influence as I move
Surround me ; through my inmost being steal,
Until a bliss which is not of the earth I feel.

I love the night, the awful night,
When fierce and wild,
The shrieking winds fill with affright
The timid maid, and trembling child,
And raise a tremor in the stoutest heart.
I love the storm-fiend's voice to hear
As through the air he sweeps,
In all his terror, majesty, and might.
The night when spirits from their cerements steal,
And trouble some poor sinner as he sleeps,
With presence of the church-yard fear—
With visions of his victim's sprite.
When all the trees before him bend,
And all their branches writhe and twist,
As tortured by his power ;
And wild unearthly cries they send
Into the air :
As in the agony of deep despair,
At death's inexorable hour,
One whom remorse's lips have kissed,
His bitterness of anguish tells,

In cries which all with shuddering hear.
I love the night when all the sky
Is black as sin,
And its o'erburdened sorrows fall
In floods which threaten to destroy,
To cleanse, to change, to purify,
This crime-o'erloaded ball.
I love the din,
The turmoil of the storm ;
The rivers madly pouring down
Their all-too-narrow channels bring
A keenness of delight to me,
Of earthly joys the crown.
I list the war,
And watch the billows as they form,
Some mighty sweep, and fling
All things their course before—
I list, and watch, and then I feel
Th' intense, abiding ecstasy
Of being free.
And when the lightnings play
Across the blackened firmament,
Horison to horizon lighting with their flash ;
And pealing thunders roll away
From hill to hill, until the sound is blent
With the fierce water's ceaseless dash—
I watch the clouds thus brightly rent,
I hear the thunder's rolling voice,
The mingled sounds of waters, wind, and trees,
With an unbounded rapture ; and rejoice
As one who first his chosen maiden sees.

Oh, then the Lord reveals himself in power,
In majesty, sublimity, and might ;
As of old unto the Israel seer
He in the whirlwind came,
And in the swift-avenging flame
His wrath on earth did pour :
Making e'en the mocker Him revere,
And bend to rage, to dread and fear,
Though scorning love's celestial light—
Regarding not the still small voice,
So full of mercy, sweet and clear,
Which makes the angels in their blissful homes rejoice.

O night, the solemn and sublime !
O night, the gentle and serene !
Of life the richest, holiest time ;
The precious hours for thought and rest,
With peace, repose, and visions blest,
With glories which the day hath never seen.
In all thy moods thou art most dear ;
When storm and passion gloom thy face ;
When fury raises all thy ire ;
When terrors wild thy progress trace ;
When marked thy course by desolating fire ;
Thy track with horrors strewn ;
When most thou art a cause of dread,
I love thee. And I love thee too,
When sweetly smiling round thy head,
Unnumbered graces—all too few—
Hang clustering : and thy crown
Is made of moon and stars, the precious gems

Which God to thee has given,
To show how poor our diadems
Compared with those of heaven.
In all thy moods ; in every phase
Of thy great life from year to year,
Thou art to me a friend most dear.
And still thy beauty with amaze
My heart doth move,
As in my earliest days.
And deep the joy, the rapture deep,
Which fill my soul when thou art near.
While others lie in thoughtless sleep,
I watch thy varied glories bright ;
I feel the ecstasy divine
Which alone is thine
To give. Alas ! in life time is too fleet
To share with thee thy mysteries complete,
Thou lovely, glorious, solemn, bliss-conferring night.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

FOR weeks, and weeks, and weeks ago,
They thought of merry Christmas tide,
And little fingers to and fro
The industrious needle plied.
And little tongues were wagging loud
Of all the wonders then to be,
And little hearts were glad and proud
And little lips laughed merrily.
And little heads with schemes were full,
And little eyes with mischief bright,
Grew more than ever beautiful,
And filled the house with new delight.

They banners made, and dolkins drest
In rich and rare and strange attire,
With stars and spangles on each breast,
Winged angels some—some brigands dire.
And bon-bon bags, a mighty store,
Of every texture, every hue ;
Of sea-shells brought from many a shore,
They baskets made ; and fancy flew
On wildest wings to bring designs
Into each hopeful, guileless mind ;
And fays of air, and gnomes of mines,
These busy fingers then combined.

Thus forms grotesque, forms graceful too,
 These little poets called to life ;
And round their works a glory threw,
 Free from man's thought, and pain and strife.
About them all an ease, a grace,
 The poetry of childhood threw ;
No sign of toil, of art no trace,
 Spontaneous impulse through and through.

The things were made, the toys complete,
 And cut the red-gemmed holly-tree ;
And round it gathered girls and boys,
 Who laughed and shouted merrily.
On every branch was thickly hung
 The works of hope, and love, and joy ;
And hand in hand the youngsters clung,
 And watched with rapture every toy
And sparkling lamps, and tapers bright,
 Were all about the holly spread,
And such a vision of delight
 Was o'er those young hearts never shed.
They danced, they sung, they shouted loud,
 They laughed as only children can ;
And some were meek, and some were proud,
 As round the Christmas tree they ran.
And out of heaven no sight is seen
 So beautiful ; from taint so free ;
So like what we poor ones have been ;
 So like the things we hope to be.

The dance is done ; the singing o'er ;
And hope is beaming from each eye :
For now the Tree must yield its store,
And little hearts beat anxiously.
No monarch, by ambition fired,
E'er in his projects found such joy,
Or seized the spoils so long desired,
With half the zest with which each boy
His trinket takes ; and what a shout
Of jubilation greets his gain
From that enthusiastic rout !
For all uniting in the strain,
A hearty, genuine, generous peal
Each little victory proclaims,
And all as joyous seem to feel
As he, the winner of the games.
Thus one by one are borne away
The glittering gew-gaws merrily—
But oh, the pleasure none can say
We gathered from our Christmas Tree.

'TIS CHRISTMAS TIME AGAIN.

COME let us sing a merry stave,
For merry Christmas time ;
And drink a health to friends at home,
And friends in every clime.
And having pledged the hearts we love,
" God speed ! " to all beside :
For churlish he who now would be
The slave of hate or pride :
So merry, merry, merry be,
And sing a merry strain,
And this the burden of the song—
" 'Tis Christmas time again."

The cheerful holly sheds o'er all
Its rich and ruddy glow ;
And blushing maidens eye askance
The white gemmed mistletoe :
And friends long-sundered meet again
And gather round the hearth,
With pleasant chat, and harmless jokes,
And still increasing mirth.
So merry, merry, merry be,
And sing a merry strain,
And this the burden of the song—
" 'Tis Christmas time again."

Let man and maiden all unite,
 The aged and the young,
 And little children's treble swell
 The burden of the song.
 While Hope and Faith and Charity,
 With Love's joy-bringing power,
 Sit at each hearth, be in each heart,
 To bless the Christmas hour.
 So merry, merry, merry be,
 And sing a merry strain ;
 And this the burden of the song—
 " 'Tis Christmas time again."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1858-1859.

OH, knolling bells, peal forth a dirge
 For the swiftly dying year !
 And gentle hearts, with tender hands,
 Support the solemn bier ;
 And kindly o'er the old man's grave
 The season's flowers we'll strew ;
 Though unto many he's been harsh,
 And kind, alas ! to few.

But he is dying. On his faults
 We'll look with pitying eye ;
 Nor bury him without a dirge,
 Nor part without a sigh ;

“ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;”
The past will welcome him ;
Though few the noble deeds he wrought,
And many eyes made dim.

Ring, pealing bells, a joyous peal,
A peal of hope to earth !
An heir of promise now is born ;
Ring in a New Year's birth.
Sad hearts are made a moment light ;
Gay hearts more warmly glow ;
The sorrowful look up and smile ;
And joy beams from each brow.

One promise more ; one source of hope,
The smiling untried child !
We'll welcome him for what he is,
The pure and undefiled.
Ring, merry bells ! ring long and loud,
A birth peal in the night—
And oh, may he thus honoured now,
Ne'er shame our just delight.

With Christmas smiles we welcome him ;
With laughter, dance, and song ;
And may he prove a worthy one,
A noble and a strong.
With pleasure from the past we turn ;
We leave the empty bier ;
Ring loudly, bells, shout loudly all,
“ Be this a Happy Year !”

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID
RUN SMOOTH."

A NOBLE mansion was her dwelling place.
 It was an old Baronial Hall,
 Adorned with all the luxury and grace
 That boundless wealth unto its aid could call.
 Rich pictures hung upon each wall.
 Rich silken curtains o'er deep-mullioned windows hung.
 The stately rooms with costly furniture were made
 The fit abode of gems from many a land.
 Nought overdone. Pure taste with wealth went hand in
 hand,
 And gold but realised what Art had planned.
 The floors with Persian carpets were o'erlaid ;
 So thick in texture that the strong footfall
 As noiseless fell as thistle-down on grass.
 And as her graceful form did o'er them pass,
 She gave, not borrowed, grace from all things there.
 So pure, so bright, so beautiful, so fair,
 She was the spirit of that rare old Hall ;
 Its joy, its pride ; of all its gems the gem ;
 The one sweet flower of love that graced a rough old stem.

For such a bird how fitting was the nest ;
 A queenly home for such a queenly girl ;
 A precious casket for a precious pearl ;
 A noble palace with a priceless treasure blest.

It was, in sooth, a noble house,
Built long ago ;
When men were wont in all they did
Their very souls to throw.
With turrets strange, and gables quaint,
Whence monsters grinned, or smiled a saint ;
A thing of beauty and of poetry in stone.
And eaves 'neath which the sparrows held carouse ;
And windows painted with divinest skill ;
A sacred theme, or tale of lordly will
Subduing mighty wrong : the glorious hues
Surpassing in their brilliancy all precious stones,
Whose depth of colour e'er the gazer's mind subdues
To melancholy rapture. Angels on thrones
Of fleecy clouds, with oreoles of gold :
The Virgin Mother with the sacred Child,
Whose heavenly beauty deep, and pure, and mild,
All earthly grace and beauty doth enfold.
So sweet, so gracious-looking, that to bend the knee,
Confessing thus her Nature's sovereignty,
You feel is not idolatry.
And round the paintings winds the plastic stone
With tendrils graceful as in nature's shown ;
And various as their types the buds and flowers,
Which every point and "coign of 'vantage" grace,
In rich profusion. Admiringly you trace
The natural flow and beauty of the stem,
The foliage, the petals, and the crowning gem
Of bud half-closed, half-open, waiting but the powers
Of Summer-suns to make a blossom
Fit to grace a loved one's bosom.

Such poetry was in the builder's mind,
Who useful, noble, beautiful combined ;
And left a monument of deathless fame
To bless the memory of one without a name.

A Park this noble house surrounded.
In graceful undulation rose and fell
The glorious view far as th' horizon bounded,
On which the eye would long delighted dwell.
And clumps of densely-foliaged trees rose here and there,
With colonies of crows, whose immemorial right,
None e'er disputed or disturbed : whose sombre flight
Oft clouded e'en the brightest Summer air.
Or lonely stood some mighty beech or oak,
Whose large circumference of bole,
And widely-spreading branches health and age bespoke.
And pleasant limes, through whose light foliage stole
The breezes gently, kissing all the tender leaves
As mothers do a sleeping child. The forest Queen,
The nymph-enamoured birch, her grace serene
Commingled with the rugged elms, around whose bark,
With close-embracing arms, the Bacchic ivy weaves
Its coronal of ebon berries, its robe of changeless green.
And poet-crowning laurels glistened bright and dark.
Far-stretching avenues of chestnuts, made
In flowery Spring-time fiery pyramids of bloom ;
In sun-afflicted Summer cool, refreshing shade ;
In glowing Autumn treasure paths, in which the foot
E'er trod on golden relics—leaf and fruit ;
In Winter, scenes of nakedness and gloom,
Whose utter dreariness possessed a charm

Compelling wandering steps those paths to take,
 And gaining by the sense of awe, and vague alarm,
 A fascination which you fear ; from which you would not
 break.

O'er the green sward marched the dapple deer ;
 Majestic, privileged ; as lords they moved.
 The gentle, mild-eyed fawns played without fear,
 And showed the confidence of things beloved.
 Broad lakes were there with water birds all tame ;
 And more than tame the Juno-neckèd swan,
 That at his Mistress' bidding went and came,
 And gently fed from out her gentle hand.
 How often have I wished I were that swan,
 That I might bow before her sweet command,
 And gaze, as privileged, into her glorious eyes !
 Might feel her smile as graciously on me,
 As to her every pet that smile was given !
 O, unto me 't had been a beam from heaven.
 An angel to my love-enraptured sight was she !
 Her presence made the earth a Paradise !

And of the Park, one spot, than all the rest,
 Was lovelier to me.
 ' The spot her presence mostly blest ;
 Of my sweet bird the flowery nest,
 The Pleasaunce fair and free.
 There every gem of Flora's crown
 Possessed its place :
 Here in lavishest profusion thrown—
 Here in solitary grace.

From every land the beautiful,
The fragrant and the fair,
Wealth had employed its power to cull,
And Art had planted there.
Instinctively, with that sweet place,
So like our dreams of Eden-home,
We joined the thought of innocence and grace,
Where nothing evil had the power to come.
And never had the Queen of that domain
One touch of guile to dim her purity ;
The fairest flower was not more fair than she ;
The snowy lily not more free from stain.

Close by the Park-gates stood the village Church,
A fine old building of the holy days.
Thick ivy clothed its crumbling walls and porch ;
And grand old yews spread o'er its grassy ways.
And far above the close-surrounding trees,
Uprose the beautiful and graceful spire ;
Which when the idle, noisy wanderer sees,
He pauses, joy-struck for a moment, to admire.
Beneath the shadow of the church my home :
A humble dwelling of the yeoman class ;
Whence England's strength and glory come ;
Her pride and boast are found—but let that pass.
I was an only child, and nurtured well.
Was dowered by nature with a heart to love
Whate'er is beautiful ; to proudly dwell
On noble deeds ; to feel my pulses move
With wild and thrilling rapture as I heard
Of daring virtue winning god-like fame ;

To love the song of morning and of evening bird ;
To love the wild flower, though unknown its name ;
To love the rippling of the forest-hidden rill ;
To love whate'er is loveable ; and thus, despite my will,
I loved Adele—Oh God, that I had died
Ere word of mine her loving heart had tried !

I know not how it came to pass.
I only know, alas, that so it was.
By word, or look, each knew the other's heart,
And found that each in each possessed a part ;
That each to each was dearer than the light ;
That life with all its youth gave no delight
Like that which in each other we had found ;
And that our loves our lives with bliss had crowned.

Yet over all there hung a cloud of sorrow.
No bright to-day foretold a bright to-morrow.
A feeling that our love in woe must end,
Seemed ever present. For in secrecy
We met and parted ; were without a friend
In whom to trust ; our own fidelity
Was all that lay between us and disgrace.
We knew that every stolen meeting
Might be our last ; that every parting
Might be a life-farewell. Each greeting,
As rapt we gazed upon each other's face,
Won e'en from very fear a power, imparting
The thrillingest intensity of bliss.
And for each golden hour, each fond embrace,
Each burning word, each close ecstatic kiss,

Our lives we perilled ! Perilled then ;
And for such bliss would peril them again !
Oh God ! the very memory of that time
Burns through my brain with such delirium of joy,
That e'en the madness, misery and crime
Which followed cannot utterly destroy.
'Tis of my life the one all-glorious part,
And still has power to cheer my sorrow-stricken heart.

Ah, woe is me ! That mine should be the fate
To ruin her who more than life I loved !
Far better had I blessed her with my hate !
Far better we in diverse worlds had moved !
Far better—No ! no other life had been
Without that love worth even life at all ;
And she, my love, my heart's one queen,
Would sanctify my words. But past recall
Is all that blissful time, and all the woe
Which crushed our hearts with its all-withering blow.

For months we thus in secrecy had met ;
In secrecy had lived our lives of love ;
In secrecy our cheeks with tears had wet—
Such tears as only fullest joy can move.
For months we thus had met ; but ne'er had we
How to reveal our love devised a plan.
Her father's name ne'er passed our lips ; for he
Was known to all a proud and unrelenting man.

One eve—oh dreadful eve ! and yet the eve was fair ;
And in the west the brightest sun of May

Shed over all things its own radiance rare,
 And earth in calm, voluptuous twilight lay—
 One eve, as in the tresses of her sunny hair
 Spring's loveliest primrose I was proudly placing,
 And wondering if even heaven had aught more fair
 Than my own flower ; and thus her forehead gracing,
 My tongue the while love's promptings whispered low,
 And gentle answers beamed upon me from her eyes,
 When suddenly she fell as from a blow,
 And o'er her prostrate body I saw her father rise !

With look of scorn he raised her lifeless form ;
 His blanched cheek told how fierce the inner storm.
 Yet not a word he said, but strode away ;
 And I was left alone to wild despair a prey.

Thank God the blessed fever came !
 'Twas mercy, not affliction bowed my frame.
 Long like a little child I lay,
 Unconscious, helpless, careless ; night and day
 Unheeded passed ; the darkness and the light ;
 The incessant changes of their ceaseless flight
 Nor joy nor sorrow brought to me ;
 For I was reft of power to feel or see,
 With aught of knowledge whatsoever occurred.
 For months my lips ne'er syllabled a word,
 Coherence had, or reason did reveal.
 Their one unvarying cry, " Adele, Adele."
 And that sweet name my tongue would o'er and o'er
 In meaningless garrulity repeat,

As you some mocking bird may meet,
Whose tongue has caught one phrase, and knows no
more.

At last came health and reason, with them woe
As deep as e'er did human heart o'erthrow ;
For then the tale of horror first I heard,
Which might make devils weep. My blood was stirred,
And flowed like fire through all my burning veins,
And made me rage as men will, torn by demon pains.
So wild my woe, so dark and fierce my ire,
That had I then but met her ruthless sire,
I would have torn him limb from limb, or he
Had equal deed of kindness done to me.
For he, her father—he, her source of life ;
Who'd lived to know his mother ; woo a wife ;
Had children playing on his hearth and knee ;
Had called her child, and knew her purity,
Declared her mad ! and in a turret-room,
In which no window was to light its gloom,
Had her confined. A vile and wicked place,
In which she ne'er beheld a human face ;
Ne'er heard a word of love her lot to cheer ;
Ne'er sound of pity reached her prisoned ear.
Rough menials brought at stated times her food,
And threw it on the floor with menace rude,
Then hurried back, as even they had fear
Lest they her mercy-moving voice should hear,
And so be tempted for a little time to stay,
And thus for angel's work lose devil's pay.

Ten years she lived thus, severed from all life ;
Then death in mercy came. In heaven she is my wife !

They gave her paupers' burial : her sire's decree.
His ancestors might from their coffins move,
If in their midst one of their race should be
Contaminated with a yeoman's love.
So 'neath the humble sod they laid her dead,
No stone to mark her resting place. But I
Have daisies planted o'er her lovely head,
And watered them with tears will never dry.
That little spot I've bought. Nor wrath, nor hate
Which seeks to follow thus beyond the tomb,
Shall sever me from my once-chosen mate.
The grave for us will have no taint of gloom.
But it shall be our bridal bed ; and we
In gentle death shall thus united be.

She waits my coming. Haste, O Lord, the day,
That I around my love my loving arms may lay.

IN MEMORIAM

C. S. P.

SHE'S gone to her home in the skies,
The young, the loving, and the fair ;
Too good for earth, her spirit flies
To breathe its own celestial air.
And yet we loved her, and were loved
As deeply in return by her :
And each who knew her strove to be
Her joy-rewarding minister.

She could not stay : some sister-spirit,
Dwelling in the home above,
Called softly, " Dear one, come, inherit
The blessed kingdom bright with love."
And she the holy language knew,
And heard the calling angel's voice ;
And though we mourn—our sorrow new—
Perhaps, perhaps we should rejoice.

I see her now, an angel fair,
Her own sweet smile around her mouth,
Her voice comes ringing, soft and clear
As harp swept by the sunny South ;
I see her in her glory move—
I see her in her second birth—
All joy, and purity, and love,
E'en as she lived with us on earth.

Too good ! Too good ! A few short years
The angels spared her for our gain,
Then, spite our love, our care and tears,
They summoned her to heaven again.
And now she dwells among her peers,
A seraph crowned with rays divine ;
And o'er our path of hopes and fears,
A guiding star will ever shine.

B E T H A N K F U L . *

For sunny fields, and sheltering trees
Whose green leaves surr to every breeze ;
For brooklets murm'ring soft and low ;
For ocean's deep unceasing flow ;
For sweet green grass, and daisies fair ;
For lilies bright, and roses rare ;
For life, and for our power to love,
Let us give thanks to Him above.

For Spring's glad promise, Summer's glow,
Autumn's rich fruits, and Winter's snow ;
For morning's East-illuminating ray ;
For the calm time of closing day ;

For sleep with soothing dreams and rest ;
For children's merry laugh and jest ;
But most for those dear friends we love,
Let us give thanks to Him above.

For holy peace in grief concealed ;
For knowledge gained, and truth revealed ;
Religion's aspirations high ;
For Faith, for Hope, for Charity ;
For memories of joys long past ;
For time, which brings the right at last ;
For death uniting all who love,
Let us give thanks to Him above.

This poem is by my wife, but as it is not likely that she will ever write a volume, perhaps I may be pardoned for inserting it here. M. de Chate-
lain has honoured it with a translation into French.

THE following are the TRANSLATIONS by M. DE CHATELAIN
referred to in the Preface.

LA NAISSANCE DU PRINTEMPS.

Du doux Printemps c'est la naissance !
Sans bruit il fait ses premiers pas,
Et s'appuyant sur l'Espérance
Eveille le monde ici bas.
Le merle chante sa venue
Avec son accent cristallin,
Chaque oiseau le porte à la nue,
Et l'accueille d'un frais refrain.

En chantant monte l'alouette
Tout là haut devers le ciel bleu,
Porter sa voix si joliette
Auprès des anges du bon Dieu.
Le roitelet et la linotte,
La foule rassemblée aux bois,
Chacun vient lui chanter sa note
Au beau Printemps, la fleur des pois !

Comme tout s'empresse d'éclore
Pour fêter son charmant retour,
Voyez de la gentille Flore
Sous ses pas pulluler la cour !
Le ciel, la terre à sa naissance
Revêtent leurs riches couleurs,
Et le prisme de l'Espérance
S'en vient miroiter dans les cœurs.

Les arbres ressentent son souffle,
Qui va visiter leurs chez eux,
Et qui bientôt les emmitoufle
De bourgeons verts, tout merveilleux ;
Si qu'ayant éveillé leur sève,
Feuilles et fleurs naissent soudain,
Que l'aveugle croit faire un rêve
En humant parfum si divin.

Le bétail broute dans la plaine,
Sur les collines les brebis,
Les vents de leur suave haleine
Des ruisseaux baisottent les lis.
La Nature nous dit : " Espère !
Le bonheur va venir, attends !
Bonne nouvelle pour la terre
Il nous est né—l'heureux Printemps ! "

AU PREMIER MERLE DU PRINTEMPS.

Joyeux oiseau ! joyeux oiseau !
Qui du printemps fait la réclame,
Que ton gazouillement nouveau
Apporte de baume à mon âme !
Ces gazouillements enchanteurs,
Pour nous soulèvent la cachette
Où couvent les gentilles fleurs,
Où s'éveille la violette.

Ils viennent parler à nos cœurs
De ces Perce-neiges modestes,
Les plus innocentes des fleurs
Dont les natures sont célestes.
Charmautes filles du soleil,
Les impuretés de la terre
Ne souillent leur blanc appareil
Tant las ! leur vie est éphémère.

Ils parlent de ces frais tapis,
Où se plaît tant la Primevère,
Et de ces bois où par rubis
Le soleil verse sa lumière.
Ils parlent du gentil ruisseau,
De ses chants égayant la route,
Et contant tout bas son rondeau
À l'Asphodèle qui l'écoute.

Ils parlent de l'ancien hiver
Qui vers le nord a pris la fuite,
Et puis de la chaleur de l'air
Qui bientôt amène à sa suite
Les parfums du jour et du soir,
Les promenades aux prairies,
En un mot le charmant espoir
Que pleut sur nous Pasques-fleuries !

Ils parlent d'arbres et de bois,
D'amour, de joie, et de musique ;
Ils parlent des divins émois,
De la Nature prolifique ;

Ils parlent de jours de soleil,
D'heureux rêves, de belles fêtes ;
Et d'un avenir tout vermeil
Ils sont les suaves prophètes.

Ils parlent de charmants aveux,
D'extase, et de plus doux langage ;
Ce sont les lais les plus joyeux
Pour le pèlerin en voyage.
Ces accents entendus la nuit
Ont les douceurs les plus étranges,
Cette musique vous séduit
Comme séduit la voix des Anges.

Joyeux oiseau ! joyeux oiseau !
Du Printemps vivace réclame,
Que ton gazouillement nouveau
Apporte de baume à mon âme !
Jamais sans un nouvel émoi
Je n'entends ta voix sympathique
Tu fus et tu seras pour moi
La clé, l'esprit de la musique !

AU PREMIER COUCOU DE L'ANNÉE.

LA fleur entr'ouvrait son calice,
L'air était doux, calme et propice,
Les monts, les vallons et les bois
Laisaient rayonner leurs émois ;
Aux arbres mesdames les fées,
Quand j'entendis je ne sais d'où
Ta fraîche voix, gentil Coucou,
Avaient suspendu leurs trophées :
Coucou ! Coucou ! ton chant joyeux
Est le chant que j'aime le mieux !

Le soleil souriait à Flore,
Mais les forêts dormaient encore ;
A peine gazouillait l'oiseau
Et chuchotait le gai ruisseau ;
On eut dit que dame Nature
Sur tous bruits mettait le verrou
Pour entendre, gentil Coucou,
Ta voix si naïve et si pure.
Coucou ! Coucou ! ton chant joyeux
Est le chant que j'aime le mieux !

Au doux son de ta voix nouvelle,
La nature devint plus belle ;
La primevère eut plus de feu,
La violette un ton plus bleu :

Et de tous côtés l'aubépine
Pendant qu'on écoutait ton lai
Si nouveau, si jeune et si gai,
Répandit odeur plus divine :
Coucou ! Coucou ! ton chant joyeux
Est le chant que j'aime le mieux !

Dans les airs et navigue et trotte
Ton chant fait d'une double note,
Paraissant près, paraissant loin,
Mais dont nul être n'est témoin ;
Le gai printemps tu l'inaugures
Par les doux accents de ta voix,
Allant par les monts et les bois
Charmer toutes les créatures :
Coucou ! Coucou ! ton chant joyeux
Est le chant que j'aime le mieux !

CHANSON.

MON cœur ressemble à la fontaine
Qui fraîche prodigue ses eaux,
Et qui, courant à perdre haleine,
Miroite au soleil ses joyaux.
Sa musique toujours exquise,
A qui l'entend donne un émoi,
Le chant qu'elle dit à la brise,
Amour ! c'est ton éloge à toi !

Mon cœur ressemble au large fleuve
Vers l'océan roulant ses eaux,
Sa chanson toujours fraîche et neuve
Ravit les prés et les côteaux ;
Sitôt l'aube du jour il chante,
Quant la nuit vient, ne se tient coi,
Il chante encore et tout enchante—
Le sujet de son chant—c'est toi !

Mon cœur est gai jusqu'au délire,
Tout est fleurs où porte mes pas,
L'enfance — je la vois sourire,
La vieillesse n'a plus d'hélas !
Mon cœur déborde de liesse,
Il est heureux bien plus qu'un roi,
Foin du demain ! de la richesse !
Quand cœur à cœur je vis en toi !

ALLONS CHEZ NOUS.

Et maintenant allons chez nous, Marie !—
Oh ! que de jours, oh ! combien d'ans,
Se sont passés depuis que mes lèvres, Marie,
Vous les ont dit ces mots pour moi charmants.
Le soleil de l'été scintillait de lumière,
La terre était un paradis de fleurs,
Moi je marchais sur l'air, ma vie était légère,
De ce jour même étaient unis nos cœurs.

Et maintenant allons chez nous, Marie!—

Las ! vous vous souvenez trop bien
 La seconde fois que vous dis ces mots, Marie,
 Nous revenions seuls, et n'ayant plus rien :
 Notre petite Hélène elle était sous la pierre !
 Quel lieu lugubre alors notre chez nous !
 Jusqu'à ce temps où Dieu notre tout divin Père
 Changea nos pleurs en un souvenir doux.

Et maintenant allons chez nous, Marie—

Là haut au céleste séjour
 Où nous attend Hélène, un ange au ciel, Marie,
 Pour nous narrer quel il est son amour.
 Ni souci, ni douleur, ennui, chagrin ou peine,
 N'entrent jamais dans ce dernier chez nous,
 Tranquilles y vivrons, toi, moi, de plus Hélène
 Adorant Dieu tous les trois à genoux !

OH ! LE MONDE EST BIEN BEAU !

QUE des cœurs rembrunis, rabougris et moroses,
 Qui n'ont jamais connu la rieuse gaité,
 Que des yeux imparfaits qui n'ont jamais des roses
 Su percevoir l'adorable beauté,
 De la terre renient les charmes,
 Et n'y voient qu'un vallon de larmes ;
 Moi je n'ai sur les yeux un si sombre bandeau :
 Pour moi le monde est beau !

Tout le long de l'année on voit gloires nouvelles
 Orner soudainement des jours pleins de soleil,
 Le calme d'un beau soir a lueurs aussi belles
 Que du matin l'éclat le plus vermeil ;
 Les fleurs dans les vertes prairies,
 Etalent leurs joailleries ;
 Dans les bois, les taillis chante son chant l'oiseau :—
 Oh ! le monde est bien beau !

Le petit filet d'eau va dire son murmure
 Tout bas, au grand ruisseau, qui retenant cet air
 Va le porter bien vite, en faisant sa parure,
 Au fleuve, qui lui le porte à la mer :
 Aux monts les agrestes collines
 Portent des musiques divines,
 Que les monts à leur tour vont porter au côteau :—
 Oh ! le monde est bien beau !

Oh, oui, le jour est beau !—la nuit pleine de grâce,
 Et l'univers entier déborde de beauté !
 De travers regardée, ou visagée en face,
 La vie au fait est un monde enchanté !
 Le zéphir en baisant la brise
 Lui chante, mélodie exquise,
 Ce tout gentil refrain, toujours frais et nouveau :
 Oh ! le monde est bien beau !

Et quand aurons gagné les gloires de la terre,
 Quand nous aurons joui de nos rêves d'amour,
 Que de trois fois vingt ans la mesure ordinaire
 Amènera pour nous le dernier jour,

Là-haut au séjour de lumière
 Nous irons trouver notre Père,
 Et nous écrierons lors en sortant du tombeau :
 Oh ! le monde est bien beau !

JOURS DORÉS PAR LE SOLEIL.

O JOURS dorés ! ô jours dorés,
 Qui, nous descendent de la nue,
 Brillez sur nos champs diaprés,
 Nous vous disons la bien-venue :
 Oh ! que déversez de splendeurs
 Sur la terre renouvelée,
 Que semez sa robe de fleurs
 Dans le bois et dans la vallée !

L'alouette s'en va vers Dieu
 Porter ces chants qu'à la nature
 Vous inspirez par votre feu,
 Que fredonne chaque murmure :
 Pas un arbre, pas un buisson
 Qui ne redise vos louanges,
 O jours dorés — à l'unisson
 Montent vers Dieu vos bruits étranges !

Les insectes amoureux fous
 Bourdonnent bien haut leurs délices,
 Les vents, en trop faisant joujoux,
 Des fleurs renversent les calices :

L'arbre à l'arbre glisse un soupir,
Le ruisseau frais court en goguette,
Chaque voix exprime un plaisir —
Jours dorés! — Par vous tout est fête!

RENDONS GRÂCE À CELUI QUI LÀ HAUT
TRÔNE AUX CIEUX!

Pour ces arbres si beaux que caresse la brise,
Pour ces champs semés d'or que le soleil courtise,
Pour ces petits ruisseaux qui soupirent tout bas,
Pour l'immense océan qui mugit ses hélas ;
Pour le doux gazon vert et pour les paquerettes,
Pour la rose et le lis, et toutes leurs sœurette,
Pour la vie, et d'aimer pour le don précieux,
Rendons grâce à Celui qui là haut trône aux cieux !

Pour la neige d'hiver, du printemps les promesses,
Pour l'éclat de l'été, d'automne les richesses,
Pour le rayon brillant le matin qui surgit,
Et pour l'aube du soir, qui de pourpre rougit,
Pour le sommeil si doux qui nous dote d'un rêve,
Pour le rire joyeux des enfants plein de sève,
Surtout pour les amis que nous aimons le mieux,
Rendons grâce à Celui qui là haut trône aux cieux !

Pour cette sainte paix sous le chagrin cachée,
Pour le savoir acquis, la science cherchée,
Pour la religion et pour la vérité,
Pour la foi, l'espérance et pour la charité,
De nos beaux jours passés pour le doux souvenir,
Pour le temps qui pour nous brillante l'avenir,
Et pour la mort qui rend nos aimés à nos vœux,
Rendons grâce à Celui qui là haut trône aux cieux !

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